

TEN THINGS I HATE ABOUT YOU

written by

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based on "Taming of the Shrew"
by William Shakespeare

Polish
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EXT. PADUA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Welcome to Padua High School, your typical urban-suburban high school in Portland, Oregon.

Smarties, Skids, Preppies, Granolas, Loners, Lovers, the In and the Out Crowd rub sleep out of their eyes and head for the main building.

EXT. PADUA HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

KAT STRATFORD, eighteen, pretty -- but trying hard not to be -- in a baggy granny dress and glasses, balances a cup of coffee and a backpack as she climbs out of her battered, baby-blue '75 Dodge Dart.

A stray SKATEBOARD clips her, causing her to stumble and spill her coffee, as well as the contents of her backpack.

The young RIDER dashes over to help, trembling when he sees who his board has hit.

RIDER

Hey -- sorry.

Cowering in fear, he attempts to scoop up her scattered belongings.

KAT

Leave it.

He persists.

KAT

(continuing)

I said, leave it!

She grabs his skateboard and uses it to SHOVE him against a car, skateboard tip to his throat.

He whimpers pitifully and she lets him go.

A path clears for her as she marches through a pack of fearful students and SLAMS open the door, entering school.

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - DAY

BIANCA STRATFORD, a beautiful fifteen-year-old sophomore, facing the mirror, applying lipstick.

Her less extraordinary, but still cute friend, CHASTITY, is next to her.

BIANCA
Did you change your hair?

CHASTITY
Uh uh.

BIANCA
You might wanna think about it.

They leave the girls' room and enter the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Bianca is immediately greeted by an admiring crowd, both boys and girls alike.

BOY
(adoring)
Hey, Bianca.

GIRL
Fabu shoes.

The greetings continue as Chastity remains wordless and unaddressed by her side. Bianca smiles proudly, acknowledging her fans.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CAMERON JAMES, a laid-back, earthy senior with an air of New Age goodness, sits facing MS. PERKY, an impossibly cheery guidance counselor, who hands him his class schedule.

MS. PERKY
Here you go, Cameron. I'm sure you won't find Padua any different than your old school. Same little asswipe mother-fuckers everywhere.

Her plastic smile never leaves her face, as she sorts through the stack of romance novels on her desk.

Masking his shock, Cameron smiles.

CAMERON
Tell me about it...

MS. PERKY

I just did. Now scoot. I've got deviants to see and a novel to finish.

She opens up her laptop and calls out to her unseen secretary through the open door.

MS. PERKY

(continuing)

Judith, bring me my file on codpiece etiquette.

Cameron rises to leave and makes eye contact with PATRICK VERONA, a sullen-looking, bad-ass senior who appears outside Ms. Perky's door. His slouch and smirk let us know how cool he is.

Ms. Perky spots him over her laptop.

MS. PERKY

(continuing)

Patrick Verona. I see we're making our visits a weekly ritual.

She gives him a withering glance. He answers with a charming smile.

PATRICK

I missed you.

MS. PERKY

(looking at a file)

It says here you exposed yourself to a group of freshmen girls.

PATRICK

It was a bratwurst. I was eating lunch.

He enters her office as Cameron heads out the door, bumping into MICHAEL ECKMAN, a lanky, brainy senior who'll either end up a politician or game show host.

MICHAEL

You the new guy?

CAMERON

Apparently.

MICHAEL

(holding out his hand
to shake)

Michael Eckman. C'mon. I'm supposed to give you the guided tour.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Prom posters adorn the wall. Michael quickly steers Cameron through the crowd as he points to various cliques.

MICHAEL

We've got your basic Beautiful People.
Unless they talk to you first, don't
bother.

A gaggle of beautiful people pass, in full splendor.

CAMERON

Is that your rule, or their's?

MICHAEL

Watch.

He waves to one of the BEAUTIFUL JOCK GUYS.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Hey, there.

BEAUTIFUL JOCK

Eat me.

MICHAEL

(to Cameron)

See that?

He points to another group of students.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Those're your Cowboys.

Several Stetson-wearing, big belt buckle, Wrangler guys walk by.

CAMERON

The ones with the hats and the buckles, I
take it?

MICHAEL

Never even seen a horse. They just jack
off to Clint Eastwood.

They pass an espresso cart with a group of teens huddled around
it.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
To the right, we have the Coffee Kids.
Very edgy. Don't make any sudden
movements around them.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Michael continues the tour.

MICHAEL
And these delusionals are the White Rastas.

Several white boys in dreadlocks and Jamaican knit berets lounge
on the grass. A cloud of pot smoke hovers above them.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Big Marley fans. Think they're black.
Semi-political, but mostly, they just
watch a lot of Wild Kingdom, if you know
what I mean.

CAMERON
Huff a lot of ganj?

MICHAEL
Oh, yeah.

Michael waves to DEREK, the one with the longest dreads.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Derek - save some for after lunch, huh?

DEREK
(very stoned)
Michael, my brother, peace.

Cameron turns to follow Michael as they walk into the cafeteria.

CAMERON
So what are you?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Loud music and loud students. Michael heads toward a group of
studious-looking seniors.

MICHAEL

Future MBAs. We're all Ivy League
accepted. Someday I'll be sipping Merlot
while those assholes --

He points to the table of jocks, who torture various passers-by.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

-- are fixing my Saab. Yuppie greed is
back, my friend. Long live the eighties.

He points proudly to the ALLIGATOR on his shirt.

Cameron stops listening as BIANCA walks by, and we go SLO MO.
Pure and perfect, she passes Cameron and Michael without a look.

Cameron is smitten.

CAMERON

I burn, I pine, I perish.

MICHAEL

Bianca Stratford. Sophomore. Don't even
think about it.

CAMERON

Why not?

MICHAEL

I could start with your wickedly stylish
frayed corduroys, but it doesn't matter.
She's not allowed to date until her older
sister does. And that's an impossibility.

Cameron stares after Bianca.

CAMERON

Nothing's an impossibility.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

A room full of bored seniors doodle and stare off into space.
MR. MALCOLM, the slightly militant, black male English teacher
sits on the edge of his desk.

MR. MALCOLM

O.K., then. That does it for The Old Man
and the Sea. Any comments?

(reluctantly)

Kat?

Kat, the girl we saw as we entered the school, slowly takes off her glasses and speaks up.

KAT

Why didn't we just read the Hardy Boys?

MR MALCOLM

Here she goes...

KAT

This book is about a guy and his fishing habit. Not exactly a crucial topic.

The other students roll their eyes.

KAT

(continuing)

Frankly, I'm baffled as to why we still revere Hemingway. He was an abusive, alcoholic misogynist who had a lot of cats.

JOEY DORSEY, a well-muscled jock with great cheekbones, makes fun of her from his row.

JOEY

As opposed to a bitter, self-righteous hag who has no friends?

A few giggles. Kat ignores him. A practiced gesture.

MR. MALCOLM

Pipe down, Chachi.

Kat really gets fired up now.

KAT

I guess you think because Hemingway's male and an asshole, he's worthy of our time.

MR. MALCOLM

Don't forget fat and white.

KAT

What about Sylvia Plath? Charlotte Bronte? Simone de Beauvoir?

Patrick, lounging in the back, mutters under his breath.

PATRICK

Mother Goose?

Kat flashes him a look of contempt, before turning back to Mr. Malcolm, who remains coolly perched on the edge of his desk.

KAT

Can we at least attempt a level of academia that isn't marred by the perspective of the ignorant and unwashed?

Joey raises his hand.

JOEY

Would it be possible to force Kat to take her Midol before she comes to class?

The class titters. Mr. Malcolm rises and walks over to Joey.

MR MALCOLM

(nodding at Kat)

Someday -- you are gonna get bitch-slapped. And I'm not gonna do a thing to stop it.

He turns to Kat.

MR. MALCOLM

(continuing)

And Kat, I want to thank you for your point of view. Truly, it makes my day. I feel your pain. I know how difficult it must be for you to overcome all those years of upper-middle class, suburban oppression.

He's right up in her face now.

MR. MALCOLM

(continuing)

But do you really think I like teaching this shit? Look at this reading list --

(picking it up)

White guy, white guy, white guy. Where are the brothers?

Derek and TREVOR, the two White Rastas in class, chime in, looking at Mr. Malcolm adoringly.

DEREK AND TREVOR

Dat's right, mon.

Mr. Malcolm shoots them a glare.

MR. MALCOLM

Don't even get me started on you two...

DEREK

(backing off)

No problem, mon.

MR. MALCOLM

(to Kat)

Next time you storm the PTA, crusading for better lunch meat, or whatever it is that you white girls complain about, ask them why they can't buy a book written by a black man.

KAT

Anything else?

MR. MALCOLM

Yeah. Go to the office. You're pissin' me off.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Perky types on her lap-top.

MS. PERKY

(reading aloud)

"Undulating with desire, Adrienne removes her crimson cape at the sight of Reginald's stiff and --"

(calling out to her secretary)

Judith, what's another word for "throbbing"?

JUDITH (O.S.)

I'll look it up.

MS. PERKY

Swollen...turgid...

Kat enters.

KAT

Tumescent.

She sits. Ms. Perky closes her laptop.

MS. PERKY

Katarina Stratford. My, my. I hear you've been terrorizing Mr. Malcolm's English class again. Not that he doesn't do a fine enough job of that on his own...

KAT

Expressing my opinion is not a terrorist action.

MS. PERKY

Well, yes, compared to your other choices of expression this year, today's events are quite mild. Bobby Rictor's gonad retrieval operation went quite well, in case you're interested.

KAT

I still maintain that he kicked himself in the balls. I was merely a spectator.

MS. PERKY

The point is Kat -- people perceive you as somewhat ...

Kat smiles at her, daring her to say it.

KAT

Tempestuous?

MS. PERKY

I believe "heinous bitch" is the term used most often.

(smiling sweetly)

You might want to work on that.

Kat rises from her chair.

KAT

As always, thank you for your excellent guidance...

She gestures toward the laptop.

KAT

(continuing)

...But I really should let you get back to Reginald's "quivering member".

She leaves. Ms. Perky smiles and types Kat's line in.

MS. PERKY

Ooh, I like that.

INT. SOPHOMORE ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Bianca ignores the droning teacher as she writes a note in big flowing handwriting.

TEACHER (O.S.)
I realize the language of Mr. Shakespeare
makes him a bit daunting, but I'm sure
you're all doing your best.

Bianca folds the note and passes it behind her with a flip of her
hair to CHASTITY. Chastity opens the note and reads:

INSERT - "JOEY DORSEY SAID HI TO ME IN THE HALL! OH! MY! GOD!"

Chastity frowns to herself.

TEACHER (O.S.)
(continuing)
Ms. Stratford, do you care to comment on
what you've read so far?

Bianca looks up and smiles the smile of Daddy's little girl.

BIANCA
Not really.

The teacher shakes her head, but lets it go.

MANDELLA, a waif-like senior who sits off to the side trying to
slit her wrist with the plastic spiral on her notebook, looks up
and raises her hand.

TEACHER
Mandella -- since you're assisting us, you
might as well comment. I'm assuming you
read the assignment.

MANDELLA
Uh, yeah, I read it all.

TEACHER
The whole play?

MANDELLA
The whole folio. All the plays.

TEACHER
(disbelieving)
You've read every play by William
Shakespeare?

MANDELLA
Haven't you?

She raises a challenging eyebrow. The stunned teacher doesn't
answer and goes to call on the next student.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Mandella and Kat sit down in the quiet corner. Kat attacks a carton of yogurt with gusto.

MANDELLA

Your sister is so amazingly without.
She'll never read him. She has no idea.

KAT

The fact that you're cutting gym so you
can T.A. Sophomore English just to hear
his name, is a little without in itself if
you ask me.

Kat's attention is caught by Patrick as he walks by with his
friends, lighting a cigarette. Mandella notices her staring.

MANDELLA

Who's that?

KAT

Patrick Verona. Random skid.

MANDELLA

That's Pat Verona? The one who was gone
for a year? I heard he was doing porn
movies.

KAT

I'm sure he's completely incapable of
doing anything that interesting.

MANDELLA

Did he always look so --

KAT

Cell block D?

Kat turns back to face Mandella and forces her yogurt into
Mandella's hand.

KAT

(continuing)

Mandella, eat. Starving yourself is a
very slow way to die.

MANDELLA

Just a little.

She eats. Kat sees her wrist.

KAT

What's this?

MANDELLA

An attempted slit.

Kat stares at her, expressionless.

KAT

I realize that the men of this fine institution are severely lacking, but killing yourself so you can be with William Shakespeare is far beyond the scope of normal teenage obsessions.

MANDELLA

Imagine the things he'd say during sex. Look -- he put a note in my locker describing them.

She pulls it out of her backpack and hands it to Kat, who studies it.

KAT

Mandella, this is in Times Roman 12 point font. Dead people do not use laser printers.

Mandella's attention is struck by Bianca. She nudges Kat.

MANDELLA

Observe. Your oft-admired sister -- displaying her wares.

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

Bianca and Chastity parade past Joey and his COHORTS. One of the cohorts elbows Joey.

COHORT

Virgin alert. Your favorite.

Joey looks up and smiles at Bianca.

JOEY

Lookin' good, ladies.

Bianca smiles her coyest of smiles.

BACK TO KAT AND MANDELLA

Still watching.

MANDELLA

Tragic.

KAT
And nauseating.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael and Cameron observe Joey leering at Bianca from their bench in another corner. Cowboys eating out of a can of beans linger on the grass behind them.

CAMERON
Who is he? And why do I hate him on sight?

MICHAEL
Joey Dorsey. Hard-on. And a model.
Mostly regional stuff, but he's rumored to
have a big tube sock ad coming out.

Cameron watches Bianca sit on a bench, posing prettily.

CAMERON
(gesturing toward her)
Look at her. Is she always so --

MICHAEL
Vapid?

CAMERON
How can you say that? She's --

MICHAEL
Conceited?

CAMERON
You're missing what's really there. Look
at her smile. It's like she's got all this
joy inside of her, but see that?

MICHAEL
What?

CAMERON
She just looked at the sky, and stopped
smiling.

MICHAEL
Maybe a bird shit on her.

CAMERON
Or maybe she feels like she doesn't have
any real connections, and she's reaching
out for me without even knowing it.

MICHAEL
And maybe you've done too much peyote.

CAMERON

I'm telling you, it's there, you're just not seeing it.

MICHAEL

What's there is a snotty little princess wearing a strategically planned sundress to make guys like us realize we can never touch her, and guys like Joey realize they want to. She, my friend, is what we will spend the rest of our lives not having. Put her in your spank bank, and move on.

The BELL rings, and the cowboys stand and spit into their empty bean cans. Cameron tries to catch a glimpse of Bianca as she walks back inside.

CAMERON

You're wrong about her. Not -- the spanking part -- but the rest.

MICHAEL

You wanna torture yourself, be my guest. You know French?

CAMERON

A little.

MICHAEL

Guess who just signed up for a tutor?

CAMERON

(smiling)

My new girlfriend?

Michael shoots him a "Good one" look as they walk into the building.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kat and Mandella walk toward Kat's car, giggling over a shared source of joy, which is abruptly squelched as Joey pulls up beside them in his spiffy white Corvette.

JOEY

(re her dress)

The vintage look is over, Kat. Haven't you been reading your Sassy?

He ZOOMS away as Kat yanks open the door of her Dart. Mandella ties a silk scarf around her head, as if they're in a convertible.

KAT

The people at this school are so
incredibly foul.

MANDELLA

You could always go with me. I'm sure
William has some friends.

They watch Joey's car as he slows next to Bianca and Chastity as
they walk toward the school bus.

ON BIANCA AND CHASTITY

Joey eyes his prey.

JOEY

Would you sweet young things like a ride?

Bianca and Chastity can't get in Joey's car fast enough.

JOEY

(continuing)

Careful on the leather, now.

He pulls away with a smile.

BACK TO KAT AND MANDELLA

Mandella lowers her sunglasses to watch.

MANDELLA

That's a charming new development.

Kat watches them drive away with a frown, then reaches over and
puts a tape in the tape deck. The sounds of JOYFUL PUNK ROCK
fill the car.

As they pull out, Michael crosses in front of them on his moped.
Kat has to SLAM the brakes to keep from hitting him.

KAT

(yelling)

Remove head from sphincter! Then pedal!

Michael begins fearfully pedaling as Kat PEELS out, angry at the
delay.

Cameron rushes over.

CAMERON

You O.K.?

He slows to a stop.

MICHAEL

Yeah, just a minor encounter with the shrew.

CAMERON

That's her? Bianca's sister?

MICHAEL

The mewling, rampalian wretch herself.

Michael putters off, leaving Cameron dodging Patrick's grimy, grey Jeep -- a vehicle several years and many paint jobs away from its former glory as a REGULATION MAIL TRUCK.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

A well-kept upper-middle-class house.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

Kat lies on the couch, reading The Bell Jar.

WALTER STRATFORD, a clean-cut, but blustery, obstetrician, enters through the front door carrying his black bag. The day's mail is under his arm.

WALTER

I hope dinner's ready. Mrs. Johnson's in labor and she's getting more foul-mouthed with each contraction.

KAT

So tell her you're not gonna put up with her shit.

He shoots her a look as he rifles through the mail and heads into the kitchen.

WALTER

(to Kat)

Make anyone cry today?

KAT

Sadly, no. But it's only four-thirty.

Bianca walks in.

KAT

(continuing; rising)

Where've you been?

BIANCA
(eyeing Walter)
Nowhere... Hi, Daddy.

She kisses him on the cheek.

WALTER
Hello, precious.

Walter kisses Bianca back as Kat heads up the stairs.

KAT
How touching.

Walter holds up a letter to Kat.

WALTER
What's this? It says Sarah Lawrence?

Kat snatches it away from him, opening it.

KAT
(excited)
Oh, my God. I got in!

WALTER
But Sarah Lawrence is on the other side of
the country.

KAT
I know.

WALTER
I thought we decided you were going to
school here. At U of O.

KAT
You decided.

WALTER
So you're just going to pick up and leave?

BIANCA
Is there even a question that we want her
to stay?

Kat gives Bianca a "You wanna start with me?" look then smiles
sweetly at Walter.

KAT
Ask Bianca who drove her home.

WALTER
(to Bianca; upset)
Who drove you home?

Bianca glares at Kat then turns to Walter.

BIANCA
Now don't get upset, Daddy, but there's
this boy... and I think he might ask...

WALTER
No! You're not dating until your sister
does. End of discussion.

BIANCA
But it's not fair, Daddy! She's a mutant.

KAT
Ooh, that hurts, coming from someone whose
diary is devoted to favorite grooming tips.

WALTER
Enough! I delivered a set of twins to a
fifteen-year-old this morning. You know
what she said to me?

BIANCA
What?

WALTER
"I should've listened to my father."

BIANCA
She did not.

WALTER
Well, that's what she should've said. And
that's why you're not dating until your
sister does.

BIANCA
Kat doesn't want to date.

WALTER
Exactly my point.

BIANCA
But what if she never does?

WALTER
Then neither will you. And I'll get to
sleep at night. The sleep of a father
whose daughters aren't out being
impregnated.

His BEEPER goes off and he grabs his bag again.

WALTER
(continuing; to Kat;
re acceptance letter)
We'll finish this later.

KAT
Fine.

He leaves. Bianca turns to Kat.

BIANCA
Kat... there's got to be someone you want
to go out with.

KAT
Sorry. Looks like you'll just have to
miss out on the keen wit and well-
mannered charm of Joey Dorsey.

She heads up the stairs.

BIANCA
(no longer sweet)
Then can't you find some blind, deaf
retard to take you to the movies so I can
have at least one date?

Kat SLAMS her door from above.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Cameron sits with an empty chair beside him. Bianca arrives in
a flurry of blonde hair.

BIANCA
Can we make this quick? Roxanne Korrine
and Andrew Jaret are having an incredibly
horrendous public break-up on the quad.
Again.

Faced with the object of his affection, Cameron swallows
nervously.

CAMERON
Well, I thought we'd start with
pronunciation, if that's okay with you.

BIANCA
Not the hacking and gagging and spitting
part. Please.

CAMERON

Well, there is an alternative.

BIANCA

There is?

CAMERON

French food. We could like, maybe eat some. Saturday? Night?

Bianca smiles slowly.

BIANCA

You're asking me out. That's so cute. What's your name again?

CAMERON

Cameron.

She fingers a lock of her hair, seizing an opportunity.

BIANCA

The thing is, Cameron -- I'm at the mercy of a particularly hideous breed of loser. My sister. I can't date until she does.

CAMERON

I've noticed she's a little -- anti-social. Why is that?

BIANCA

Unsolved mystery. She used to be really popular when she started high school, then it was just like she got sick of it or something. Theories abound as to why, but I'm pretty sure she's just incapable of human interaction.

CAMERON

So where does that leave you?

BIANCA

Bitter and alone.

CAMERON

That's so unfair.

BIANCA

I know!

CAMERON

There's got to be something we can do.

BIANCA
It's hopeless. Unless...

She reaches out and touches his arm.

CAMERON
Unless what?

BIANCA
If we could find Kat a boyfriend...

CAMERON
I could do that.

BIANCA
You'd do that for me?

CAMERON
Hell, yes!
(then, playing it
cool)
I mean, sure. You know. Whatever.

Bianca gives his arm a squeeze.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cameron and Michael walk through the crowd.

MICHAEL
You're in school for one day and you ask
out the most beautiful girl? Have you no
concept of the high school social code?

CAMERON
She said yes.

MICHAEL
She actually said she'd go out with you?

CAMERON
Isn't that what I just told you?

Michael processes this.

MICHAEL
You know if you did go out with Bianca,
you'd be set. You'd outrank everyone.
Strictly A-list. With me by your side.

CAMERON
I thought you hated those people.

MICHAEL

Hey -- I've gotta have a few clients when I get to Wall Street.

CAMERON

Good. Now we just have to find the right guy for her sister.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Bianca brushes her hair in front of the mirror, Chastity next to her.

CHASTITY

Just sneak out.

BIANCA

Are you kidding? If he finds out I'm dating behind his back, I can kiss getting my driver's license good-bye. My father has made that abundantly clear.

Two COFFEE GIRLS enter, abuzz.

COFFEE GIRL #1

I've got a quiz in Mr. Malcolm's next period. Hit me with the bean.

Coffee Girl #2 opens a thermos and pours.

COFFEE GIRL #2

Isn't Kat Stratford in that class? What is up with her? Mad cow disease?

COFFEE GIRL #1

I heard she ran over some guy in the parking lot last week, and he's like, 'dead now.

Bianca turns to the girls.

BIANCA

Who told you that?

COFFEE GIRL #1

Oh, Bianca. I'm sorry. We didn't --

Kat emerges from a stall.

KAT
Don't apologize to her. Apologize to me.
(ominously)
Before I kill again.

She takes a cigarette from the hand of a random smoking girl and puts it out in the Coffee Girl's cup, as she heads out the door.

BIANCA
(calling after her;
pissed)
Did you kill someone and not tell me?

EXT. BEHIND THE SCHOOL - DAY

Cameron and Michael stand before a motley crew of losers that lean against the wall.

CAMERON
Are you kidding me? She's not gonna go out with any of these guys.

MICHAEL
No one normal is gonna ask her out. The last guy that tried came back weeping.

Cameron sighs and heads toward the wall.

CAMERON
Then let's go.

They approach the wall.

CAMERON
(continuing)
How's it goin? Would you by any chance be interested in dating Katarina Stratford?

CUT TO:

DRUGGED OUT LOSER
(holding up a tub of
Elmer's)
I'm a little busy.

He takes a big sniff.

CUT TO:

WIMPY LOSER

Her? Isn't she the girl that stabbed the Driver's Ed teacher for blocking her blind spot? Sorry, man. I wanna live.

CUT TO:

CREEPY HACKER LOSER

Is she more than 20 mgs? 'Cause if she is -- my hard drive will freeze up.

CUT TO:

UNWASHED LOSER

Dude, I already have a girlfriend. And trust me -- you do not want to piss off a seventh grader.

CUT TO:

CHUCK NORRIS LOSER

(tossing a set of numchucks around)

Kat Stratford? Sure. She's hot.

He misses with the numchucks and hits himself in the head, knocking himself out, dropping OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

Cameron wearily moves on to the last LOSER.

CAMERON

Would you, by any chance be interested in dating --

He trails off as he notices what the guy is doing, OFFSCREEN.

CAMERON

(continuing; to Michael)

He's playing with himself.

MICHAEL

He's been known to.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

A frog is being torn asunder by several prongs and picks. Michael and Cameron go for the spleen.

MICHAEL

Did I, or did I not, tell you it was pointless? No one will go out with her.

Cameron motions with his head toward Patrick, a few lab tables away. He tosses his goggles aside and puts on biker glasses.

CAMERON

What about him? He's perfect.

MICHAEL

(confused)

You wanna go out with him?

CAMERON

No -- he could go out with Bianca's sister. He seems like he thrives on danger.

MICHAEL

No kidding. He's a criminal. I heard he lit a state trooper on fire. He just did a year in Alcatraz.

CAMERON

(sarcastic)

Yeah, they always let felons sit in on Honors Biology.

MICHAEL

I'm serious, man, he's whacked. He sold his own liver on the black market so he could buy new speakers.

CAMERON

Think he'll do it?

MICHAEL

I'll let you find out.

INT. WOODSHOP - DAY

Boys and a few stray girls nail their pieces of wood.

Michael sits next to PEPE, a Coffee Kid, who holds out his jacket like the men who sell watches in the subway. Inside, several bags of coffee hang from hooks.

PEPE

Some people like the Colombian, but it all depends on your acidity preference. Me? I prefer East African and Indonesian.

(more)

PEPE (cont'd)

You start the day with a Sumatra Boengie
or maybe an Ethiopian Sidamo in your cup,
you're that much farther ahead than
someone drinkin' Costa Rican or Kona --
you know what I mean?

Michael nods solemnly.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Patrick sits at a table with his crusty friend SCURVY,
identifiable by the name embroidered on his shirt pocket.

Cameron approaches, full of optimism.

CAMERON

Hey --

In response, Patrick brandishes a loud POWER TOOL in his
direction.

Cameron holds up a hand, backing away.

CAMERON

(continuing)

Later, then.

Michael watches, shaking his head at Cameron's failed attempt.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Joey and his pals take turns drawing boobs onto a cafeteria tray
with a magic marker. Michael walks up and sits between them,
casual as can be.

MICHAEL

Hey.

JOEY

Are you lost?

MICHAEL

Nope - just came by to chat.

JOEY

We don't chat.

MICHAEL

Well, actually, I thought I'd run an idea
by you. Just to see if you're interested.

JOEY

We're not.

He grabs Michael by the side of the head, and proceeds to draw a penis on his cheek with the magic marker. Michael suffers the indignity and speaks undaunted.

MICHAEL

(grimacing)

Hear me out. You want Bianca, don't you?

Joey sits back and cackles at his drawing, ignoring the question.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

But she can't go out with you because her sister is this insane head case and no one will go out with her, right?

JOEY

Does this conversation have a purpose?

MICHAEL

What you need to do is recruit a guy who'll go out with her. Someone who's up for the job.

Michael points to Patrick, who makes a disgusted face at his turkey pot pie before he rises and throws it at the garbage can, rather than in it.

JOEY

That guy? I heard he ate a live duck once. Everything but the beak and the feet.

MICHAEL

Exactly.

Joey turns to look at Michael.

JOEY

What's in it for you?

MICHAEL

Oh, hey, nothin' man. Purely good will on my part. You know me. Whatever I can do to help.

He rises to leave and turns to the others.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

I have a dick on my face, don't I?

INT. BOY'S ROOM - DAY

Michael stands at the sink, trying to scrub Joey's artwork off his face as Cameron watches.

CAMERON

You got him involved?

MICHAEL

Like we had a choice? Besides, it's simple. We let him pretend he's calling the shots, and while he's busy setting up the plan...

CAMERON

(realizing)

I have time with Bianca.

MICHAEL

Exactly.

CAMERON

You're brilliant.

MICHAEL

Exactly.

(re his newly
scrubbed face)

But am I clean?

CAMERON

(pointing at it)

You still have a testicle by your ear.

Michael goes back to his scrubbing.

INT. KENNY'S THAI FOOD DINER - DAY

Kat and Mandella pick apart their pad thai. Mandella is smoking.

KAT

So he has this huge raging fit about Sarah Lawrence and insists that I go to his male-dominated, puking frat boy, number one golf team school. I have no say at all.

MANDELLA

William would never have gone to a state school.

KAT

William didn't even go to high school.

MANDELLA

That's never been proven.

KAT

Neither has his heterosexuality.

Mandella replies with a look of ice. Kat uses the moment to stub out Mandella's cigarette.

KAT

(continuing)

I appreciate your efforts toward a speedy death, but I'm consuming.

(pointing at her food)

Do you mind?

MANDELLA

You know, your whole crisis is completely textbook. Parents get divorced, mother moves away to procreate with younger man -- father won't let his daughters out of his sight.

KAT

Not true. If I were Bianca, it would be, "Any school you want, precious. Don't forget your tiara."

MANDELLA

You had your chance to be Bianca.

KAT

Popularity is over-rated. Why be liked -- when you can be feared?

They both look up as Patrick enters and walks to the counter.

Mandella leans toward Kat with the glow of fresh gossip.

MANDELLA

Janice Parker told me he was a roadie for Marilyn Manson.

KAT

Did she also tell you why he has that phony Australian accent?

MANDELLA

He was forced to live amongst the pygmies.

(whispering)

He was their plaything.

Patrick nods at them as he takes his food outside.

KAT
Janice Parker is an idiot.

INT. MS. PERKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Perky sits in front of her laptop, typing away. She stops and yells out her open door to her secretary.

MS. PERKY
Judith, would you rather be ravished by a pirate or a British rear admiral?

Patrick enters.

PATRICK
Pirate. No question.

He perches on the edge of her desk, clearly there just to fuck with her.

MS. PERKY
My lunch hour is not the time to discuss your driving need to be a butt rash.

PATRICK
I stop by for a friendly visit and this is what I get?

She sighs and picks up his file, flipping it open.

MS. PERKY
Fine. You weren't abused, you aren't stupid, and as far as I can tell, you're only slightly psychotic -- so tell me, Mr. Verona, why is it you're such a dickhead?

PATRICK
You say that like it's bad --

The bell RINGS.

MS. PERKY
Time's up. Go do something repugnant. I've got to figure out how to make an orgasm last eight pages.

PATRICK
Call me if you need me.

He winks and leaves.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Several pairs of tutors and students sit at the various desks. Bianca and Cameron sit side by side, cozy as can be.

BIANCA

C'est ma tete. This is my head.

CAMERON

Right. See? You're ready for the quiz.

BIANCA

I have never in my life had to point out my head to someone.

CAMERON

(joking)

Well, it doesn't hurt to be prepared.

BIANCA

Forget French.

(shutting her book)

How is our little Find the Wench A Man plan progressing?

CAMERON

Well, there's this one guy I think might be --

Bianca's eyes light up.

BIANCA

Is he demented?

CAMERON

(unsure)

I guess...

BIANCA

Perfect!

CAMERON

So for our date, you know, when it happens. I was thinking that maybe we could go sailing.

Bianca doesn't answer, pre-occupied by Chastity who walks past the door. She starts to rise.

CAMERON

(continuing)

You know, like on the ocean?

BIANCA
(calling out)
Chastity, wait up.
(back to Cameron)
Sailing. Right. Sounds fun. Later!

She rushes out the door to catch up with her friend.

INT. GYM CLASS - DAY

Several volleyball games are being played.

Joey and a member of his hulking entourage approach Patrick, who still manages to look cool, even in gym clothes.

PATRICK
Got a problem?

Joey points.

JOEY
See that girl?

Patrick follows his line of vision to Kat as she spikes the ball into some poor cowboy's face.

PATRICK
Yeah.

JOEY
What do you think?

Kat wins the game and high fives the others, who are scared of her.

PATRICK
Two legs, nice butt...

JOEY
Yeah, whatever. I want you to go out with her.

PATRICK
Sure, Sparky. I'll get right on it.

JOEY
You just said --

PATRICK
You need money to take a girl out.

JOEY

But you'd go out with her if you had the cake?

Patrick stares at Joey deadpan. His dislike for the guy is palpable.

PATRICK

(sarcastic)

Yeah, I'd take her to France if I had the plane.

Joey smiles.

JOEY

You got it, Verona. I pick up the tab, you do the honors.

PATRICK

You're gonna pay me to take out some girl?

JOEY

I can't date her sister until that one gets a boyfriend. And that's the catch. She doesn't want a boyfriend.

Patrick looks at Kat for a moment, then back at Joey.

PATRICK

How much?

JOEY

Twenty bucks each time you take her out.

PATRICK

I can't take a girl like that out on twenty bucks.

JOEY

Fine, thirty.

PATRICK

Try again.

JOEY

Take it or leave it, Trailer Park. This isn't a negotiation.

Patrick eyes him for a moment, toying with the idea of indulging this asshole.

PATRICK

What's in it for me?

JOEY

Cash. I think that's pretty clear.

PATRICK

Fifty, and you've got your man.

Patrick walks away with a smile.

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD - DAY

Kat and the rest of the team go through a grueling practice session. Kat spares no one as she whips the ball all over the field. She wears a t-shirt emblazoned with "Krazy Kat", an old 30's comic.

Patrick sits on the bleachers nearby, watching. A cigarette dangles from his mouth. His pal, Scurvy, is next to him.

MR. CHAPIN, the coach, blows the WHISTLE.

MR. CHAPIN

(proudly)

Good run, Stratford.

Kat nods in response, and the girls leave the field.

Patrick hops down to follow.

PATRICK

Hey. Girlie. How ya doin'?

Kat stops and slowly turns to look at him.

KAT

(smiling brightly)

Sweating like a pig, actually. And yourself?

PATRICK

There's a way to get a guy's attention.

KAT

My mission in life.

She stands there undaunted, hand on hip.

KAT

(continuing)

Obviously, I've struck your fancy. So, you see, it worked. The world makes sense again.

Patrick's eyes narrow. He steps closer.

PATRICK
Pick you up Friday, then.

KAT
Oh, right. Friday.

She backs up a little. He uses his most seductive tone.

PATRICK
The night I take you to places you've
never been before. And back.

KAT
Like where? The 7-Eleven on Burnside? Do
you even know my name, screwboy?

PATRICK
I know a lot more than that.

Kat stares at him.

KAT
Doubtful. Very doubtful.

She walks away quickly, leaving him standing alone. Scurvy
appears at his side.

SCURVY
So I guess the Jeep won't be getting a new
Blaupunkt.

PATRICK
Yank me.

ACROSS THE FIELD

Cameron and Michael watch.

MICHAEL
He took the bait.

CAMERON
Let's hope he doesn't choke on the worm.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat washes her face at the sink, then stops to take a look at
herself in the mirror.

Bianca appears behind her, attempting to twist Kat's hair into a chignon.

KAT
What're you doing?

She tries to swat Bianca away, but Bianca won't be denied.

BIANCA
Have you ever considered a new look? I mean, seriously, you could have some potential buried under all this hostility.

Kat gives up, letting Bianca continue the 'do.

KAT
I'm not hostile. I'm annoyed.

BIANCA
(finishing)
There. See? People wouldn't know what to think.

KAT
You forget. I don't care what people think.

BIANCA
Yes, you do.

KAT
(gently)
No -- I don't.

Kat removes the hair clip and starts to walk out, then stops.

KAT
(continuing)
You don't always have to be who they want you to be, you know.

BIANCA
I happen to like being adored, thank you.

Kat spots the strand of pearls around Bianca's neck.

KAT
Where'd you get those pearls?

BIANCA
They're Mom's.

KAT

And you've been, what -- hiding them for six years?

BIANCA

No. Daddy found them in a drawer last week.

KAT

(upset)

So you're just gonna start wearing them now?

BIANCA

It's not like she's coming back to claim them. Besides, they look good on me.

KAT

Trust me. They don't.

Kat walks past her into the hallway and slams her bedroom door behind her.

BIANCA

(calling out)

Could you at least start wearing a bra?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Patrick, Scurvy and some other randoms head for the exit.

SCURVY

You up for a burger?

Patrick looks in his wallet. It's empty.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kat stands at her locker. Patrick appears at her side, smiling.

PATRICK

Hey.

Kat doesn't answer.

PATRICK

(continuing)

You hate me, don't you?

KAT

I don't really think you warrant that strong an emotion.

PATRICK

Then say you'll spend Dollar Night at the track with me.

KAT

And why would I do that?

PATRICK

Come on -- the ponies, the flat beer, you with money in your eyes, me with my hand on your ass...

KAT

You, covered in my vomit...

PATRICK

Seven-thirty?

She slams her locker shut and walks away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Kat emerges from a music store ripping into her bag of CDs with glee. She looks up and finds Patrick sitting on the hood of her car.

PATRICK

Nice ride. Vintage fenders.

KAT

Are you following me?

PATRICK

I was in the laundromat. Saw your car. Thought I'd say hi.

KAT

Hi.

She gets in and starts the car.

PATRICK

Not a big talker, huh?

KAT

Depends on the topic. My fenders don't really whip me into a verbal frenzy.

PATRICK
You're not afraid of me, are you?

KAT
Why would I be afraid of you?

PATRICK
Most people are.

KAT
I don't exactly "follow the crowd".

PATRICK
I've heard.

She looks at him for a moment, then starts to back out. He bends down and puts his face in her window.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Admit it.

KAT
Admit what?

PATRICK
You've thought about me naked.

KAT
Can I go now, or do I have to drag you
alongside as I speed away?

He stands and backs up, allowing her to go.

PATRICK
See you later, Krazy Kat.

She looks at him, startled by the nickname, then starts to pull out again but is blocked by Joey's Corvette, which pulls up perpendicular to her rear and parks.

KAT
Now what?

Joey and his groupies emerge and head for the liquor store.

KAT
(continuing)
Hey -- do you mind?

JOEY
Not at all.

They continue on into the store. Kat stares at them in disbelief...

Then BACKS UP.

Her vintage fenders CRASH into the door of Joey's precious Corvette, denting it.

Patrick watches with a delighted grin. Joey races out of the liquor store.

JOEY
(continuing)
You bitch!

Kat pulls forward, revealing a large dent. Smiling sweetly.

KAT
Whoops.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter paces as Kat sits calmly on the couch.

WALTER
My insurance does not cover PMS.

KAT
Then tell them I had a seizure.

WALTER
Is this about Sarah Lawrence? Are you punishing me for wanting you to stay close to home?

KAT
Aren't you punishing me because Mom left?

WALTER
This has nothing to do with -- her.

KAT
Fine. Then stop making my decisions for me.

WALTER
As your father, that's my right.

KAT
So what I want doesn't matter?

WALTER

You're eighteen. You don't know what you want. You won't know until you're forty-five and you don't have it.

KAT

(emphatic)

I want to go to an East Coast school! I want you to trust me to make my own choices. I want you to stop trying to control my life just because you couldn't control --

Walter's BEEPER goes off.

WALTER

Christ! I want the women of this city to stop breeding for one night.

He walks out, leaving Kat stewing on the couch. She lets out a frustrated groan, then heads into the kitchen where Bianca hangs up the phone.

BIANCA

Did you just maim Joey's car?

KAT

Yeah. Why?

BIANCA

Has the fact that you are completely psycho escaped your attention?

KAT

Guess you'll have to take the bus.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Patrick shuts his graffiti-encrusted locker, revealing Joey's angry visage, glowering next to him.

JOEY

When I shell out fifty, I expect results.

PATRICK

I'm on it.

JOEY

Watching the bitch violate my car doesn't count as a date.

PATRICK
Well, if you're gonna be picky --

JOEY
Are you up for the job, or no?

PATRICK
I got her under control. She just acts
crazed in public to keep up the image.

JOEY
Let me put it to you this way, if you
don't get any action, I don't get any
action. So get some.

Joey starts to walk off.

PATRICK
I just upped my price.

JOEY
(turning)
What?

PATRICK
A hundred bucks a date.

JOEY
Forget it.

PATRICK
Forget her sister, then.

Joey thinks for a frustrated moment, then peels another fifty out
of his wallet with a menacing scowl.

JOEY
You better hope you're as smooth as you
think you are, Verona.

Patrick takes the money with a smile and walks away.

Cameron observes from his locker.

INT. BOY'S ROOM - DAY

Patrick stands at the sink, washing his hands. Michael and
Cameron lurk in the corner, watching him.

PATRICK
(without turning
around)

Say it.

MICHAEL
(clearing his throat)

Say what?

PATRICK
Whatever the hell it is you're standin'
there waitin' to say.

Cameron bravely steps forward.

CAMERON
You need our help.

Patrick turns toward them.

PATRICK
What?

Michael interrupts.

MICHAEL
The situation is, my man Cameron here has
a major jones for Bianca Stratford.

PATRICK
What is it with this chick? She have
three tits?

Cameron starts to object.

CAMERON
Hey --

MICHAEL
I think I speak correctly when I say that
Cameron's love is pure. Purer than say --
Joey Dorsey's.

PATRICK
Dorsey can plow whoever he wants. I'm
just in this for the cash.

Cameron holds up a hand.

CAMERON
There will be no "plowing".

MICHAEL
Forget the plowing. We want to help you
with Kat.

PATRICK
Why? So Dorsey can get the girl?

MICHAEL
Patrick, Pat, you're not looking at the
big picture. Joey's just a pawn. We set
this whole thing up so Cameron can get the
girl.

Patrick smiles. He likes the idea of Joey being a pawn in this
game.

PATRICK
And you two are gonna help me tame the
wild beast?

CAMERON
We're your guys.

MICHAEL
And he means that strictly in a non-
prison-movie type of way.

PATRICK
Yeah -- we'll see.

He swings the door open and exits.

CAMERON
(to Michael)
We're in.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON on a party invitation as it's dropped on a desk.
"Future Princeton Grad Bogey Lowenstein proudly presents a
Saturday night bash at his abode. Casual attire."

Cameron picks up the invitation and holds it up to Michael.

CAMERON
This is it. The perfect opportunity.
Patrick can take Katarina.

MICHAEL
In that case, we'll need to take it wide.

CAMERON
Will Bogey get pissed?

MICHAEL
Are you kidding? He'll piss himself with
joy. He's the ultimate kiss ass.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Michael hands a jock the party invite as they pass each other at the trash cans.

INT. GYM CLASS - DAY

The jock tells a fellow jock.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

The jock whispers to a cheerleader.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The cheerleader tells a White Rasta that she's making out with, showing him the invite.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

The White Rasta tells a Cowboy as they run laps during track practice.

INT. SHOWERS - DAY

The cowboy tells a Coffee Kid, as he shields his java from the spray of the shower.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joey stands at his open locker with Bianca. The locker is an homage to Joey's "modeling" career. Cheesy PRINT ADS of him -- running in a field of daisies, petting a kitten, etc. -- adorn the locker door.

JOEY
Which do you like better?

INSERT - HEADSHOTS of Joey. In one, he's pouting in a white shirt. In the other, he's pouting in a black shirt.

BIANCA
I think I like the white shirt.

Joey nods thoughtfully.

JOEY
It's more...

BIANCA
Pensive?

JOEY
Exactly.
(beat)
So, you going to Bogey Lowenbrau's thing
on Saturday?

BIANCA
I might...

He gives her his best flirtatious smile.

JOEY
Good, 'cause I'm not gonna bother if you
won't be there.

He taps her on the nose and she giggles. He turns back to his
mirror and winks at himself.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Bianca sits across from Cameron.

CAMERON
So -- have you heard about Bogey
Lowenstein's party?

BIANCA
Yes, and I really, really, really wanna
go, but I can't. Not unless my sister
goes.

CAMERON
I'm working on it. But so far, she
doesn't seem to be going for him.
(fishing)
She's not a ...

BIANCA
Lesbian? No. I found a picture of Jared
Leto in one of her drawers once, so I'm
pretty sure she's not harboring same-sex
tendencies.

CAMERON

So that's the kind of guy she likes?
Pretty ones?

BIANCA

Who knows? All I've ever heard her say is
that she'd die before dating a guy that
smokes.

Cameron furiously takes notes.

CAMERON

All right. What else?

BIANCA

You're asking me to think about the inner
workings of my sister's twisted mind?

CAMERON

Nothing else has worked. We need some
inside information.

She looks at him a moment.

BIANCA

C'mon. Let's go.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - DAY

Cameron stands next to Bianca, in front of a wildly decorated wall in Kat's room -- every inch covered by a collage of girl rocker posters, band flyers, graffiti, defaced Barbie dolls, "Krazy Kat" comics, etc. Cameron stares at the wall in awe.

CAMERON

This is amazing. Complete chaos and --
complete control.

He gestures to the other side of the room, where Kat's desk with computer and a bookshelf are pristinely arranged.

BIANCA

Complete kook. Now c'mon. She has field
hockey 'til five, so we're only safe until
then.

She crosses to the desk. Cameron points to one of the girl rockers.

CAMERON

Who's that?

Bianca looks up from rifling through Kat's desk drawers.

BIANCA
Whatever her name is, I'm sure it's
written in lipstick somewhere on her body.

CAMERON
(squinting)
Oh yeah, there it is. Bridget.

He winces as he inspects one of the mutilated Barbies.

BIANCA
Here we go -- class schedule, datebook,
reading list.

She shoves them into Cameron's hands and rushes to the dresser,
where she starts digging through the drawers.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Aha! Black panties.

CAMERON
What does that tell us?

BIANCA
She wants to have sex some day, that's
what.

CAMERON
Maybe she just likes the color.

BIANCA
You don't buy black lingerie unless you
want someone to see it.

Cameron reflects on this for a moment.

CAMERON
Can I see your room?

Bianca whips around, suddenly blushing at the thought.

BIANCA
No! A girl's room is very personal.

She returns to her task of digging elbow-deep through Kat's
drawers.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Now, c'mon. Help me look through her
stuff.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Patrick plays pool with some random deviants. He looks up when he hears a COMMOTION at the door.

LOU, the bouncer is in the midst of throwing Michael and Cameron out.

PATRICK

Lou, it's okay. They're with me.

Lou looks at Patrick, surprised, then reluctantly lets our two non-deviants pass through. Michael looks fearful of the surroundings.

MICHAEL

(to Cameron)

Don't touch anything. You may get hepatitis.

CAMERON

Relax.

Patrick guides them to a table out of sight of his pool-playing buddies. He sits, sipping from a beer.

PATRICK

What've you got for me?

CAMERON

A little insight into a very complicated girl.

Cameron pulls out a piece of paper.

MICHAEL

(to Patrick)

One question before we start -- should you be drinking alcohol when you don't have a liver?

PATRICK

What?!

MICHAEL

Good enough.

Cameron looks up at Patrick.

CAMERON

First off -- Kat hates smokers.

Patrick sits up.

PATRICK
Are you telling me I'm a --
(spits the word out)
"non-smoker"?

MICHAEL
Just for now.

CAMERON
Here's another problem. Bianca said Kat
likes -- pretty guys.

This is met with silence. Then:

PATRICK
What? You don't think I'm pretty?

Michael smacks Cameron.

MICHAEL
He's pretty!

CAMERON
Okay! I wasn't sure...

Cameron goes back to the list.

CAMERON
(continuing)
Here we go. Likes: Thai food, feminist
prose, and angry girl music of the indie-
rock persuasion. Here's a list of the
CD's in her room.

He hands it to Patrick.

PATRICK
So I'm supposed to buy her some noodles
and a book and sit around listening to
chicks who can't play their instruments?

MICHAEL
Ever been to Club Skunk?

PATRICK
Yeah...

CAMERON
Gigglepuss is playing there tomorrow night.

PATRICK
Are you kidding me? I can't be seen at a
Gigglepuss show. It's a chick fest. You
might as well send me to the Lilith Fair.

CAMERON
But she'll be there. It's her favorite
band.

MICHAEL
Assail your ears for one night.

Patrick groans.

PATRICK
Oh, man...

CAMERON
She has a pair of black underwear, if that
helps.

Patrick looks up.

PATRICK
It might ...

He looks back down at the list of CDs with renewed interest.

PATRICK
(continuing)
So this is really music?

INT. KAT'S ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES. Kat and Mandella put on eye-liner. Bianca enters,
interrupting their fun.

BIANCA
Can you turn down the Screaming Menstrual
Bitches? I'm trying to study.

Kat doesn't move, so Bianca crosses to the stereo, turning down
the volume.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Don't tell me you're actually going out?
On a school night, no less.

KAT
Do you mind? We have someplace to be.

BIANCA
(excited)
Oh my God, does this mean you're becoming
normal?

KAT

It means that Gigglepuss is playing Club Skunk and we're going.

BIANCA

(disappointed)

Oh, I thought you might have a date.

(beat)

I don't know why I'm bothering to ask, but are you going to Bogey Lowenstein's party Saturday night?

KAT

What do you think?

BIANCA

I think you should attempt to interact with your peer group in an environment conducive to merriment.

Kat grabs her purse and heads out the door, Mandella following.

KAT

I'm about to.

EXT. CLUB SKUNK - NIGHT

A happy black and white neon skunk sprays fine mist on the line of girls below. A few stray complaining guys are being dragged in by their girlfriends.

INT. CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

Kat and Mandella walk in, Mandella nervously pulling out her fake ID. The giant bouncer, BRUCE, looks typically mono-syllabic.

MANDELLA

(whispering to Kat)

You think this'll work?

KAT

No fear.

They approach Bruce. Kat puts on her happy, shiny face.

KAT

(continuing)

Hi! We'd like two for Gigglepuss!

Bruce looks the girls up and down.

BRUCE

I can count.

He looks at their IDs. Mandella gently moves Kat aside, wearing a face that could only be described as "I AM a Victoria's Secret model."

MANDELLA

I'll bet you can...

She sticks out her chest and licks her lips. Bruce stares at her deadpan and hands her back the IDs.

BRUCE

Go ahead.

Mandella winks at him and sashays inside. Kat follows behind, shaking her head.

EXT. CLUB SKUNK - NIGHT

Patrick's mail truck clatters to a stop out front.

INT. CLUB FOYER - NIGHT

Patrick walks quickly past Bruce, trying to keep a low profile.

BRUCE

Verona, my man.

He's busted. They shake.

PATRICK

Hey, Bruce.

BRUCE

(enjoying this)

Didn't have you pegged for a Gigglepuss fan. Aren't they a little too pre-teen belly-button ring for you?

PATRICK

(hedging)

Friend of mine's working sound. Just here to help out.

BRUCE

Sure you are.

PATRICK
You see a couple of minors come in?

BRUCE
Never!

PATRICK
Padua girls. One tall, decent body. The
other one kinda short and undersexed?

BRUCE
Just sent 'em through.

Patrick ducks inside.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Onstage, the all-female band GIGGLEPUSS is parlaying their bad girl sass into a ripping punk cover version of "I Touch Myself", by The Divynls.

Near the stage is a joyful mass of pogo-ing girls.

AT THE BAR

Patrick bellies up and looks around the club.

NEAR THE STAGE

Mandella and Kat glow with sweat. They couldn't be having a better time.

AT THE BAR

Patrick looks across the bouncing surge of the crowd. He spots Kat and Mandella singing along.

HIS POV

The gleeful Kat -- dancing and looking completely at ease. None of her usual "attitude". Patrick is transfixed. And most definitely attracted.

NEAR THE STAGE

Kat looks at Mandella.

KAT
(shouting)
I need agua!

She makes her way through the crowd to the bar.

AT THE BAR

She made it. She signals for the bartender and as she's waiting, looks around. She spots Patrick a few feet away. He's hard to miss in this crowd.

KAT
(continuing; to
herself)

Oh, shit.

She sneaks a glance. He's staring, but this time he looks away before she can. Despite herself, she's miffed.

The bartender arrives.

BARTENDER
(shouting)
What can I get you?

KAT
Two waters.

She looks at Patrick again. He's completely absorbed in the band. She scowls. The bottled water arrives and she marches off, forgetting to pay.

She walks up to Patrick.

KAT
(continuing)
You're not fooling anyone.

Patrick looks at her, surprised.

PATRICK
(yelling)
Oh, hey. Great show, huh?

KAT
(yelling)
If you're planning on asking me out, you might as well get it over with.

PATRICK
(yelling; gesturing
toward the band)
Do you mind? You're sort of ruining it for me.

Kat steams. And watches him watch the band.

KAT
(yelling)
You're not surrounded by your usual cloud
of smoke.

The band takes a break, so they can stop yelling now.

PATRICK
I know. I quit.

He leans back, making no attempt to hit on her. She moves closer.

KAT
Oh, really?

He motions toward the stage.

PATRICK
You know, these guys are no Bikini Kill or
The Raincoats, but they're right up there.

KAT
You know who The Raincoats are?

PATRICK
Why, don't you?

She's completely taken aback. He uses the moment to his
advantage and brushes her hair back as he speaks right into her
ear.

PATRICK
(continuing)
I watched you out there. I've never seen
you look like that.

Kat steps away, brushing the hair back that he just touched. Her
cheeks pinken. She looks down, then back up at him, trying not
to appear as attracted as she is.

His cocky side is back in a flash.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Come to that party with me.

At that moment, the band starts another SONG.

KAT
(yelling)
What?

The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
(to Kat, yelling)
You forgot to pay!

PATRICK
(yelling)
I got it, Stella.

He tosses some bills on the bar. Rather than thank him, Kat simply watches him, trying to figure out his motive.

PATRICK
(continuing; yelling)
Nine-thirty then.

A few people have gotten between them at the bar and she can't hear a word he's saying. She gives him one last look and heads back into the crowd.

Patrick smiles. She didn't say no this time.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cameron and Michael are at Michael's locker.

CAMERON
So, then she says that she almost didn't wear the Kenneth Coles with that dress because she thought she was mixing, you know, genres. And the fact that I noticed -- and I'm quoting here -- "really meant something."

Cameron looks at Michael expectantly.

MICHAEL
You told me that part already.

CAMERON
Well, I've just been going over the whole thing in my head, and --

Joey appears over Cameron's shoulder.

JOEY
Hey. Oingo Boingo.

Cameron and Michael look at each other and turn around slowly.

JOEY
(continuing; to
Michael)
I hear you're helpin' Verona.

MICHAEL
Uh, yeah. We're old friends.

JOEY
You and Verona?

MICHAEL
What? We took baths together when we were
kids.

It's incredibly obvious that he's lying. Joey eyes him then
turns to Cameron.

JOEY
What's your gig in all this?

CAMERON
I'm just the new guy.

Joey turns back to Michael, grabbing the alligator on his shirt
and twisting it.

JOEY
You better not screw this up. I'm heavily
invested.

MICHAEL
Hey -- it's all for the higher good, right?

Joey lets go of Michael and SHOVES Cameron against a locker for
good measure as he walks away. Cameron recovers, brushing
himself off.

CAMERON
(as if)
He's lucky I don't kick his ass...

EXT. MS. PERKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Kat sits outside waiting for her appointment, bored and annoyed.
The door opens and Ms. Perky escorts Patrick out.

MS. PERKY
You're completely demented.
(cheery)
See you next week!

Kat stands and Patrick sees her.

PATRICK

Hey --

Ms. Perky watches in horror.

MS. PERKY

You two know each other?

PATRICK/KAT

Yeah/No.

Ms. Perky grabs Kat and shoves her into her office.

MS. PERKY

(to Patrick)

Stay away from her. God help us if you
two ever decide to reproduce.

Patrick gives Kat one last look before the door shuts, then
smiles.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are on, illuminating the yard.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bianca and Chastity stand outside Kat's room. MUSIC is blaring
and the door is shut. Bianca looks at her watch.

BIANCA

She's obviously not going.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Across the carpet, two pairs of teenage girl feet sneak -- Bianca
and Chastity, Hello Kitty purses in hand.

FROM THE KITCHEN

A RUSTLING is heard. The girls freeze. Walter emerges from the
kitchen with a sandwich. The girls are like statues. Walter
jumps.

BIANCA

Daddy, I --

WALTER

And where're you going?

BIANCA

If you must know, we were attempting to go to a small study group of friends.

WALTER

Otherwise known as an orgy?

BIANCA

It's just a party, Daddy, but I knew you'd forbid me to go since "Woman Who Runs With the Wolves" over there isn't going --

She points to Kat -- Walkman blaring -- who comes downstairs, wearing a baby tee and battered Levis. Her relaxing-at-home look is about 400 times sexier than her at-school look. She wanders toward the kitchen.

Walter directs his attention toward Kat.

WALTER

Do you know about any party? Katarina?

Kat shrugs as she comes out of the kitchen with an apple.

BIANCA

Daddy, people expect me to be there!

WALTER

If your sister's not going, you're not going.

Bianca turns to Kat, eyes ablaze.

BIANCA

You're ruining my life! Because you won't be normal, I can't be normal.

KAT

What's normal?

BIANCA

Bogey Lowenstein's party is normal, but you're too busy listening to Bitches Who Need Prozac to know that.

WALTER

What's a Bogey Lowenstein?

Kat takes off her earphones, ready to do battle.

BIANCA

Can't you, for just one night, forget that you're completely wretched?

KAT

At least I'm not a fen-sucked hedge-pig.

Bianca tosses her hair.

BIANCA

Like I'm supposed to know what that even means?

KAT

It's Shakespeare. Maybe you've heard of him?

BIANCA

Yeah, he's your freak friend Mandella's boyfriend. I guess since I'm not allowed to go out, I should obsess over a dead guy, too.

WALTER

Girls! Enough.

Kat stares Bianca down.

KAT

I know about the goddamn party.

(beat)

In fact, I'm going.

Bianca and Chastity look at each other, thrilled, and burst into gleeful screams.

WALTER

Oh, God. It's starting.

BIANCA

It's just a party, Daddy.

Walter looks worried.

WALTER

I want you to wear the belly.

BIANCA

Daddy, no!

He walks to a cupboard and pulls out a padded faux-pregnancy belly.

WALTER

Not to the party. Just around the living room for a minute, so you can realize the weight of your decisions.

BIANCA

I am perfectly aware of --

He hangs the belly on her as she stands there, annoyed beyond belief.

WALTER

Every time a boy tries to kiss you, I want you to picture this under your halter top.

He hangs the belly on her as she stands mortified.

BIANCA

You are so completely unbalanced.

KAT

Can we go now?

Kat stomps to the door.

WALTER

(calling after her)

I'm trusting you to make sure your sister doesn't come home with any marks on her.

She grabs her car keys off the hall table and flings open the door -- There stands Patrick.

PATRICK

Nine-thirty, right?

Kat's in shock.

PATRICK

(continuing)

I'm early.

KAT

(recovering)

Fine. I'm driving.

She holds up her keys. He peeks in behind her.

PATRICK

Who knocked up your sister?

INT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOGEY LOWENSTEIN, a short Future MBA in a tux, greets his guests like a pro, handing out cigars and martinis.

BOGEY

Nice to see you. Martini bar to the right, shots in the kitchen.

The house is filled to capacity with Padua High's finest.

Kat pushes through the crowd. Patrick saunters in behind her and is quickly waylaid by an admiring DRUNKEN GIRL who throws her arms around him.

DRUNKEN GIRL

Kiss me!

Kat rolls her eyes and heads toward the kitchen, while Patrick tries to disengage the girl.

PATRICK

(pointing to another
guy)

Kiss him, okay?

INT. BOGEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joey lines up a row of shots amid much whooping and hollering within the jock crowd.

Kat enters, then quickly tries to make an about face. Joey sees her and rushes over to block her, standing in the doorway.

JOEY

Lookin' fresh tonight, Pussy-Kat.

Kat gives him a death look and then stops and points at his forehead.

KAT

Wait -- was that?-- Did your hairline just recede?

He panics, whipping out a handy pocket mirror. She's already walking away.

JOEY

Where're you going?

KAT

Away.

JOEY
Your sister here?

Kat's face shows utter hatred.

KAT
Leave my sister alone.

JOEY
(smirking)
And why would I do that? We all know it's
just a matter of time before I get in her
pants.

A RUCKUS sounds from the next room.

JOCK
Fight!

The other jocks rush to watch as two Coffee Kids splash their
cupfuls on each other.

COFFEE KID #1
That was a New Guinea Peaberry, you
Folger's-crystals-slurping-buttwipe.

Caffeinated fists fly. Joey slithers away from the door to
watch, giving Kat one last smirk, just as Bianca walks into the
kitchen.

JOEY
Just who I was looking for.

He puts his arm around Bianca and starts to escort her out. Kat
grabs her other arm, dragging her back.

KAT
Bianca --

BIANCA
Please do not address me in public.

KAT
I need to tell you some--

BIANCA
(cutting her off)
I am busy enjoying my adolescence, so
scamper off and do the same.

She walks out with Joey. A GUY pouring shots hands Kat one.

GUY
Want one?

She downs it and accepts another.

GUY
(continuing)
Rock on, sister.

Patrick walks up.

PATRICK
What's this?

KAT
(mocking)
"I'm getting trashed, man." Isn't that
what you're supposed to do at a party?

PATRICK
I say, do what you wanna do.

KAT
Funny, you're the only one.

She downs another.

INT. BOGEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cameron and Michael enter. Michael spots Bianca and Chastity,
watching the skirmish, and points Cameron's body in her direction.

MICHAEL
Follow the love, man.

ON BIANCA AND CHASTITY

Bianca cranes her neck.

BIANCA
Where did he go? He was just here.

CHASTITY
Who?

BIANCA
Joey.

Cameron walks over.

CAMERON
Hey, you made it.

Bianca turns and graces him with a pained smile.

BIANCA
Hi...

CAMERON
I like your sweater. Color of the ocean,
right?

Bianca tries to pawn him off.

BIANCA
You know Chastity?

CAMERON
Yeah, I think we have art together.

CHASTITY
Neat...

CAMERON
So, Bianca, I found this place that rents
sailboats. Big ones.

BIANCA
(cutting him off)
Would you mind getting me a drink, Cameron?

CAMERON
Sure. Pabst? Rainier? Jagermeister-
flavored jello?

Bianca gives him a tense smile.

BIANCA
Surprise me.

He heads for the kitchen. Joey walks up and grabs her around the
waist.

JOEY
Yo, hottie. We're congregating around Mr.
Cuervo. Let's go.

She giggles as he picks her up and carries her off -- just as
Cameron returns, a beer -- complete with a napkin and straw -- in
his hand.

Chastity glares with a jealous fury after Bianca and Joey, then
gives Cameron the once-over and walks away.

Michael appears.

MICHAEL
Extremely unfortunate maneuver.

CAMERON

What kind of guy just picks up a girl and carries her away while you're talking to her?

MICHAEL

An asshole. Clearly. She is here with you, right?

Cameron looks after her, realizing that she's not, as Joey hefts her through the party. It hits him.

CAMERON

She wants to go out with Dorsey. Not me. I'm an idiot.

MICHAEL

You don't know that...

CAMERON

Yeah, I do. She used me.

He watches her, heartbroken, as she's swallowed by the crowd.

INT. BOGEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kat and a crowd of White Rastas and Cowboys stand in a drunken group hug singing "I Shot the Sheriff".

Patrick is showing a scar to an inebriated, enraptured cheerleader. He looks up at Kat and smiles.

She meets his eyes, then looks away.

INT. BOGEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca stands next to Joey, sipping from her beer.

JOEY

So yeah, I've got the Sears catalog thing going -- and the tube sock gig -- that's gonna be huge. And then I'm up for a hemorrhoid cream ad next week. That should be pretty cool.

Bianca tries to appear impressed, but it's getting difficult.

BIANCA

Um, yeah...

He looks over her shoulder and waves at someone. Bianca takes the opportunity to escape.

BIANCA
(continuing)
I'll be right back.

INT. BOGEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bianca shuts the door and leans on it with a groan. Chastity applies lip-gloss in the mirror.

BIANCA
Joey practically peed himself when he found out we had the same dermatologist. I mean, Dr. Bonchowski is great and all, but he's not exactly relevant party conversation.

CHASTITY
Is he oily or dry?

BIANCA
Combination. I don't know -- I thought he'd be different. More of a gentleman...

Chastity rolls her eyes.

CHASTITY
Bianca, I don't think the highlights of dating Joey Dorsey are going to include door-opening and coat-holding.

BIANCA
Sometimes I wonder if the guys we're supposed to want to go out with are the ones we actually want to go out with, you know?

CHASTITY
All I know is -- I'd give up my private line to go out with a guy like Joey.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Bianca opens it to find a very drunken Kat.

KAT
Bianca, seriously. I need to talk to you --

BIANCA
Save it. I really don't think I need any
social advice from you right now.

She grabs Chastity's arm and they exit.

INT. BOGEY'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bianca makes her way through the crowd, back to the living room. She spots Joey holding court in the dining room and spins back around to head in another direction.

She sees Cameron across the crowd and meets eyes with him for a second before he disappears into another room, hurt evident on his face.

BIANCA
(to Chastity)
Is it my imagination, or does this party
all of a sudden suck?

INT. BOGEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - LATER

Patrick makes an attempt to remove the shot glass from Kat's hand.

PATRICK
Maybe you should let me have it.

Kat is fierce in her refusal to let go.

KAT
No! I want another one!

Joey enters, grabbing Patrick by the shoulder, distracting him from his task.

JOEY
My man.

As Patrick turns, Kat breaks free and dives into the sea of dancing people in the dining room.

PATRICK
(annoyed)
It's about time.

JOEY
A deal's a deal. Let me peel you off some
jing.

He counts out some bills.

JOEY
(continuing)
How'd you do it?

PATRICK
Do what?

JOEY
Get her to act like a human.

A very drunken Kat jumps up onto the kitchen island and starts dancing by herself. She lets loose, hair flying. She's almost burlesque.

Others form a crowd, cheering her on.

She swings her head around and BANGS it on a copper pot hanging from the rack above the center island. She starts to sway, then goes down as Patrick rushes over to catch her.

The others CLAP, thinking this is a wonderful finale.

Patrick sets her down on her feet, holding her up.

PATRICK
You okay?

KAT
I'm fine.

She tries to push him away, but staggers when she does. He grabs her again, bracing her.

PATRICK
You're not okay.

KAT
I just need to lie down for awhile.

PATRICK
Uh uh. You lie down and you'll go to sleep.

KAT
Sleep is good.

PATRICK
What if you have a concussion? My dog went to sleep with a concussion and woke up a vegetable. Not that I could tell the difference...

She tries to sit on the floor.

KAT

Okay, I'll sleep but stay awake, okay?

He pulls her back to her feet.

PATRICK

C'mon, let's walk.

INT. BOGEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As Patrick walks Kat toward the door, Cameron grabs his arm.

CAMERON

We need to talk.

PATRICK

Cameron, I'm a little busy.

CAMERON

It's off. The whole thing.

Kat slides down to the floor and Patrick struggles to get her back on her feet.

PATRICK

What're you talking about?

CAMERON

She doesn't want me. She wants Joey.

Patrick doesn't have time for this.

PATRICK

Cameron -- do you like the girl?

CAMERON

Yeah...

PATRICK

Is she worth the trouble?

Kat slides to the floor again.

CAMERON

I thought she was --

PATRICK

Either she is, or she isn't. So give it a shot, or don't give it a shot, but either way, don't let anyone -- whether it's a chick you think you're into, or a guy you wanna beat the shit out of -- make you feel like you don't deserve what you want. Remember that.

Patrick pulls Kat back up on her feet and continues walking her outside.

Cameron stands there, party raging on around him, unsure of how to make use of this advice.

EXT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick marches Kat around the yard, holding her up.

KAT

This is so patronizing.

PATRICK

Leave it to you to use big words when you're shitfaced.

KAT

Why're you doing this?

PATRICK

I told you.

KAT

You don't care if I never wake up.

PATRICK

Sure, I do.

KAT

Why?

PATRICK

Because then I'd have to start taking out girls who actually like me.

KAT

Like you could find one.

PATRICK

See that? Who needs affection when I've got blind hatred?

KAT
Just let me sit down.

He walks her over to the swingset and plops her down in a swing, moving her hands to hang onto the chains.

PATRICK
How's that?

She sits and looks at him for a moment with a smile...

... Then FALLS over backward.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Jesus. You're like a weeble.

Patrick rushes to right her, then starts pushing her on the swing to keep her entertained.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Why'd you let him get to you?

KAT
Who?

PATRICK
Dorsey.

KAT
I hate him.

PATRICK
I know. It'd have to be a pretty big deal to get you to mainline tequila. You don't seem like the type.

KAT
(holding up a drunken head)
Hey man... You don't think I can be "cool"? You don't think I can be "laid back" like everyone else?

PATRICK
I thought you were above all that.

KAT
You know what they say --

He stops the swing.

PATRICK
No. What do they say?

Kat is asleep, her head resting against the swing's chains.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Shit!

He drags her to her feet and starts singing loudly.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells! Wake up,
dammit!

He sits her down on the slide and shakes her like a rag doll.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Kat! Wake up!

KAT
(waking)
What?

He sighs with relief.

PATRICK
I thought you were --

They share some meaningful eye contact. And then she PUKES on his shoes.

INT. BOGEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat washes her face and grabs a bottle of Scope, taking a big swig. A KNOCK sounds at the door.

KAT
Go away.

Bianca opens the door and looks at her sister with the smuggest of all possible grins.

BIANCA
Dinner taste better on the way out?

Kat gives her a "don't even start" look.

BIANCA
(continuing)
I don't get you. You act like you're too good for any of this, and then you go totally apeshit when you get here.

KAT
You're welcome.

She pushes past her and leaves the bathroom.

INT. KAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Kat's in the driver's seat. Patrick leans in and takes the keys out of the ignition.

PATRICK
Cute.

EXT. BOGEY LOWENSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kids loiter on the lawn. Bianca and Chastity walk outside. Joey catches up to them.

JOEY
A bunch of us are going to Jaret's house.
Wanna come?

Chastity looks at Bianca, who wears a pained expression. She looks at her watch.

BIANCA
I have to be home in twenty minutes.

CHASTITY
(eagerly, to Joey)
I don't have to be home 'til two.

Joey walks close to Bianca.

JOEY
C'mon... you're harshin' my buzz. Who am I supposed to hot-tub with if you don't come?

BIANCA
I really can't.

JOEY
Your call. Maybe next time --

He heads back into the party, Chastity trailing after him, leaving an astonished Bianca.

Cameron walks out and stops when he sees Bianca standing alone.

CAMERON
(slightly accusatory)
Have fun tonight?

BIANCA
Tons.

He starts to walk on.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Cameron?

He stops. She gives him a helpless smile.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Do you think you could give me a ride home?

INT. KAT'S CAR - NIGHT

Patrick drives as Kat sits in the passenger seat, fiddling with the radio dial. She finds a song she's happy with and Patrick quickly changes it.

PATRICK
I'm driving, so I get to pick the tunes.

She changes it back to her song.

KAT
It's my car.

He changes it back.

PATRICK
And I'm in control of it.

KAT
But it's Gigglepuss - I know you like them. I saw you there.

Patrick doesn't have an answer for this, so he lets her listen to her song. But he's not happy about it.

KAT
(continuing)
When you were gone last year -- where were you?

PATRICK
Busy.

KAT
Were you in jail?

PATRICK
Maybe.

KAT
No, you weren't.

PATRICK
Then why'd you ask?

KAT
Why'd you lie?

He doesn't answer, but instead, looks at her, frowns and turns up the music. She bobs her head drunkenly.

KAT
(continuing)
I should do this.

PATRICK
Do what?

KAT
This.

She points to the radio.

PATRICK
Start a band?

KAT
My father would loove that.

PATRICK
You don't strike me as the type that would ask permission.

She turns to look at him.

KAT
Oh, so now you think you know me?

PATRICK
I'm getting there.

Her voice loses its venom.

KAT
The only thing people know about me is
that I'm "scary".

He turns to look at her -- she looks anything but scary right now. He tries to hide his smile.

PATRICK
Yeah -- well, I'm no picnic myself.

They eye each other, sharing a moment of connection, realizing they've both created the same exterior for themselves.

Patrick pulls into her driveway and shuts off the motor. He looks up at her house.

PATRICK
(continuing)
So what's up with your dad? He a pain in
the ass?

KAT
No. He just wants me to be someone I'm
not.

PATRICK
Who?

KAT
Bianca.

PATRICK
No offense, but your sister is without.
I know everyone likes her and all, but ...
I just don't see it.

Kat stares at him with new admiration.

KAT
You know -- you're not as vile as I
thought you were.

She leans drunkenly toward him. Their faces grow closer as if they're about to kiss --

-- And then Patrick turns away. Sensing she only wants to kiss him because she's wasted.

PATRICK
So, I'll see you in school.

Kat stares at him, hurt, then pissed. She gets out of the car, SLAMMING the door behind her. Patrick leans his head back against the seat for a moment, then does the same, tossing her keys through the open window, into the front seat.

INT. CAMERON'S CAR - NIGHT

Bianca and Cameron ride in silence. He finally breaks it.

CAMERON
I looked for you back at the party, but you always seemed to be "occupied".

BIANCA
(faux-innocence)
I was?

CAMERON
You never wanted to go sailing with me, did you?

BIANCA
(lying)
Yes, I did.

CAMERON
No, you didn't.

Bianca bites her lip.

BIANCA
(reluctant)
Well, no, not actually, but --

CAMERON
Then that's all you had to say.

BIANCA
But --

CAMERON
Have you always been this selfish?

She thinks a minute.

BIANCA
(even more reluctant)
...Yes

He pulls up in front of the house.

CAMERON

Just because you're beautiful, doesn't mean you can treat people like they don't matter.

She looks down at her lap, not answering.

CAMERON

(continuing)

You know, I really liked you. I defended you when people said you were conceited. I helped you when you asked me to. I would've done anything for you, and then you just blew me off so you could --

She grabs his face and gives him a kiss on the lips.

He draws back in surprise, then gives her a kiss in return. When they break apart, she smiles, surprised at herself, then gets out of the car without another word.

Cameron grins and drives away.

CAMERON

(continuing)

And I'm back in the game.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Kat sits at her desk, burying her face in a book as the others enter. The White Rastas are first.

DEREK

Kat, my lady, you sway to the rhythm of my heart.

He grabs her hand and kisses it as she pulls it away.

CLEM, a cowboy, enters.

CLEM

(to Kat)

Dance for me, cowgirl.

He high-fives Derek with new-found friendliness and sits down next to him.

CLEM

(continuing)

Okay, now tell me again why he didn't shoot the deputy?

DEREK

Because the deputy meant him no harm, my friend. It was only the sheriff that was the oppressor.

Joey saunters in and takes his seat.

JOEY

Kat, babe, you were on fire.

Mr. Malcolm enters, his usually surly self.

MR. MALCOLM

Everyone have a good weekend?

JOEY

Maybe we should ask Kat.

MR. MALCOLM

Unless she kicked the crap outta your dumb ass, I don't wanna hear about it.

Patrick enters, late, and slinks to his desk. Kat looks up, down and around, everywhere but at Patrick.

MR. MALCOLM

(continuing)

You're late, Verona.

PATRICK

(unconcerned)

Yep.

Mr. Malcolm hands Derek a book.

MR. MALCOLM

Derek. Read. Page 47.

He shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Then grins.

DEREK

(reading; in his

Rasta stoner drawl)

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes/ For they in thee a thousand errors note/ But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise/ Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.

Mr. Malcolm takes the book back.

MR. MALCOLM

That's enough. Don't hurt yourself. I want you all to write your own version of this sonnet.

Groans all around.

MR. MALCOLM

(continuing)

I know Shakespeare's white, but the man knows his shit, so we can overlook that.

Kat raises her hand.

MR. MALCOLM

(continuing)

Yes, "Miss I'm Too Smart for This Class"?

KAT

Iambic pentameter?

MR. MALCOLM

Rhyme, no rhyme, whatever. Just keep the same theme. You've got two weeks.

In the back of the room Clem raises his hand.

CLEM

Mr. Malcolm, can I get the bathroom pass? Damn if the Bard don't act as a laxative on my person.

MR. MALCOLM

Is it possible for us to have one class go by where you people don't irritate the hell outta me?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bianca walks down the hall, in the midst of a pack of Beautiful People.

A few feet away, Cameron is getting stuff out of his locker and telling Michael something MOS, making him laugh. Bianca watches him. Michael catches her and nudges Cameron.

Cameron turns around, and returns her gaze.

She gives him a shy smile, as she drifts past him in the crowd.

INT. KENNY'S THAI FOOD DINER - DAY

Kat and Mandella scrape the peanuts out of their sauce.

MANDELLA

You went to the party? I thought we were officially opposed to suburban social activity.

KAT

I didn't have a choice.

MANDELLA

You didn't have a choice? Where's Kat and what've you done with her?

KAT

I did Bianca a favor and it backfired.

MANDELLA

You didn't...

KAT

I got drunk. I puked. I got rejected. It was big fun.

Patrick enters, walking to the counter to order. He sees Kat and smiles.

PATRICK

Hey --

She gathers her things and bolts out the door. Patrick looks at Mandella, who shrugs and follows Kat.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

Cameron and Michael sit, flanking a pissed-off Patrick at his lab table.

MICHAEL

So? You got cozy with she who stings?

PATRICK

Yeah, I gave her my letterman's jacket.

CAMERON

Sarcasm, Patrick? Is that really necessary?

PATRICK

Yeah. It is. I've got a sweet-payin' job that I'm about to lose.

CAMERON

What'd you do to her?

PATRICK

Beats the hell outta me.

CAMERON

Think!

Patrick shrugs.

PATRICK

I decided not to nail her when she was too drunk to remember it.

Michael and Cameron look at each other in realization, then turn back to Patrick.

CAMERON

You realize this puts the whole operation in jeopardy?

PATRICK

No shit. She won't even look at me.

CAMERON

Can't you just tell her you're sorry?

PATRICK

For what?

Michael makes a time out sign with his hands.

MICHAEL

Guys. I'm on it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mandella is at her locker. Drawings of William Shakespeare adorn the door. She looks at them with a sigh, then ties her silk scarf tightly around her neck, in an attempt to cut off her air supply.

Michael walks up.

MICHAEL

Hey, there. Tired of breathing?

MANDELLA
(shyly, as she
loosens the scarf)

Hi.

MICHAEL
Cool pictures. You a fan?

MANDELLA
"Who could refrain that had a heart to
love and in that heart --

MICHAEL
" -- Courage to make's love known?"
Macbeth, right?

MANDELLA
(happily stunned)
Right.

MICHAEL
Kat a fan, too?

MANDELLA
(puzzled)
Yeah...

He leans in close to her, conspiratorially.

MICHAEL
So, listen... I have this friend...and he
likes your friend...

EXT. FIELD HOCKEY FIELD - DAY

Cameron sits next to Patrick on the bleachers as they watch Kat's practice.

CAMERON
She hates you with the fire of a thousand
suns. That's a direct quote.

PATRICK
She just needs time to cool off. I'll
give it a day.

A PUCK flies at them from the field, narrowly missing their heads.

PATRICK
(continuing)
Maybe two.

He looks at Cameron.

PATRICK
(continuing)
You making any headway?

CAMERON
She kissed me.

PATRICK
(eyebrow raised)
Where...?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Joey stands talking to two JOCK COHORTS. The guys don't see her.

JOEY
Don't talk to me about the sweetest date.
That little halo Bianca is gonna be prone
and proven on prom night. Six virgins in
a row.

The cohorts chortle, not seeing Chastity, who drinks from a nearby water fountain, having just overheard.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The BELL RINGS and students flood out the doors.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Joey leans against Patrick's Jeep. Patrick is inside.

PATRICK
I don't know ... the limo... the flowers.
Another hundred for the tux...

JOEY
Enough with the Barbie n' Ken shit. I
know.

He pulls out his wallet and hands Patrick a wad of money.

JOEY
(continuing)
Take it.

Patrick does, with a smile, as he ROARS out of the parking lot.

INT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Kat rips down a prom poster as she and Mandella walk past a bulletin board.

KAT

Can you even imagine? Who the hell would go to this bastion of commercial excess?

MANDELLA

Well, I guess we're not, since we don't have dates.

KAT

You really want to get all dressed up so some Drakkar-Noir-wearing dexter with a boner can feel you up while you're listening to a band that, by definition, blows?

MANDELLA

Fine, we won't go. It's not like I have a dress anyway.

KAT

You're looking at this from the wrong perspective. We're making a statement.

MANDELLA

(unconvinced)

Oh, good. Something new and different for us.

EXT. ARCHERY FIELD - DAY

Mr. Chapin patrols as boys and girls shoot arrows at targets. Joey swaggers up to Bianca, who is taking careful aim. Chastity watches from across the row.

JOEY

Hey, sweet cheeks.

BIANCA

(not looking at him)

Hi, Joey.

JOEY

You're concentrating awfully hard,
considering it's gym class.

She lets the arrow go and turns to look at him.

BIANCA

Can I help you?

JOEY

I wanna talk to you about the prom.

BIANCA

You know the deal. I can't go if Kat
doesn't go --

In the background, a RASTA crumples to the ground. Hit. A
casualty of Gym. Mr. Chapin scurries over.

JOEY

Your sister is going.

Bianca looks at him, surprised.

BIANCA

Since when?

Joey takes the bow and arrow from Bianca's hand. He draws back
and takes aim.

JOEY

I'm taking care of it.

Chastity looks over from her spot on the field, but keeps her
lips firmly shut.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Kat stands at a CD player on a pillar, headphones on, selecting
a track. Her SONG starts. She turns it up.

NEARBY

Unseen by Kat, Patrick browses -- but what he's really doing is
watching her.

KAT

closes her eyes, leaning against the pillar as she listens to the
song.

PATRICK

moves closer, until he's standing on the other side of the pillar.

Her eyes still closed, Kat is unaware.

Patrick edges around the pillar until he's an inch from her face.

Her eyes snap open.

And he's GONE.

She whips off her headphones and turns around. By then he's out the door.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

Kat browses through the feminist lit section. Patrick appears, through a hole in the books.

PATRICK

Excuse me, have you seen The Feminine
Mystique? I lost my copy.

KAT

(flustered)

What're you doing here?

He rounds the corner, facing her.

PATRICK

I heard there was a poetry reading.

KAT

You're so --

PATRICK

Charming?

Kat stares at him, deadpan.

PATRICK

(continuing)

Wholesome?

KAT

Unwelcome.

He leans close, twisting a strand of her hair around his finger.

PATRICK

You're not as mean as you think you are,
you know.

She smacks his hand away.

KAT

And you're not the bad-ass you think you
are.

PATRICK

Sounds like someone still has her panties
in a twist.

KAT

Don't for one minute think that you had
any effect whatsoever on my panties.

He moves even closer to her.

PATRICK

So what did I have an effect on?

She steps back, swallowing.

KAT

Other than my upchuck reflex? Nothing.

She pushes past him and heads out the door.

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY

Kat stops on the sidewalk and leans against the wall of the
store, twirling the same piece of hair that Patrick just twirled.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Cameron and Michael flank Patrick as he shovels food into his
mouth.

PATRICK

You were right. She's still pissed.

MICHAEL

Sweet love, renew thy force!

PATRICK

Man -- don't say shit like that to me.
People can hear you.

CAMERON
(exasperated)
You humiliated the woman! Sacrifice
yourself on the altar of dignity and even
the score.

PATRICK
Good one.

MICHAEL
Think of it this way -- best case
scenario, you're back on the payroll for
awhile.

PATRICK
What's the worst?

CAMERON
You get the girl.

Patrick thinks for a minute.

PATRICK
If I go down, I'm taking her with me.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Kat and the other students sit at their desks, taking a quiz.
Mr. Malcolm, walking between the rows, stops to grab Clem's head
and forcibly turn it away from Derek's paper.

Patrick's seat is conspicuously empty.

From outside, we hear the soft, unsure beginnings of a SONG.

PATRICK (O.S.)
"I love myself. I want you to love me.
When I feel down, I want you above me."

Kat looks up, then out the window, HORRIFIED.

The song grows louder until we realize it's "I Touch Myself".
Being sung by Patrick.

PATRICK (O.S.)
(continuing)
"I search myself, I want you to find me.
I forget myself, I want you to remind
me..."

The STUDENTS rush to the window.

OUTSIDE

Patrick stands beneath the window, crooning.

PATRICK

"I don't want anybody else. When I think about you, I touch myself. Ohhh, I don't want anybody else, oh no, oh no, oh no."

He makes quite a sarcastic show of it.

IN THE CLASSROOM

Scurvy shakes his head, disbelieving.

Mr. Malcolm touches his heart, as if the song is for him.

Kat slowly walks to the window, peeking below, somewhat terrified of what she might see.

OUTSIDE

Patrick smiles at her as he continues.

PATRICK

(continuing)

"You're the one, who makes me come running. You're the sun, who makes me shine. When you're around, I'm always laughin'. I wanna make you mine -- "

The losers leaning against the wall outside, now peek around the corner, amazed.

Patrick wails on, Kat watching from above. He lays it on thick for the finale.

PATRICK

(continuing)

"I close my eyes, and see you before me. Think I would die, if you were to ignore me. A fool could see, just how much I adore you. I'd get down on my knees, I'd do anything for you. I don't want anybody else. When I think about you, I touch myself."

INSIDE

Kat holds his eye contact for a moment, then sinks down, mortified, but unable to hide her smile.

The other students laugh, clap, and hoot.

MR. MALCOLM
(to Kat)
You white people are just messed up,
aren't you?

INT. DETENTION HALL - DAY

Patrick and several other miscreants sit quietly, mulling over their misfortune.

MISCREANT #1
Nice song, Verona.

PATRICK
Flog me.

He makes the appropriate hand gesture.

MISCREANT #2
Sounds like you do enough of that yourself.

Patrick sinks a bit in his chair.

Mr. Chapin, the field hockey coach, sits at the desk in front, ignoring them while he reads a girly weightlifting magazine.

KAT (O.S.)
Excuse me, Mr. Chapin?

Patrick looks up at the sound of her voice and sees Kat standing in the doorway. She walks into the room. Mr. Chapin turns to face her.

KAT
Sir, I'd like to state for the record that Mr. Verona's current incarceration is unnecessary. I never filed a complaint.

MR CHAPIN
You didn't have to. He disrupted a classroom.

Kat glances over at Patrick and motions her head toward the window.

Patrick shrugs, not knowing what she's talking about.

She motions again, and looks toward the window with an expression that says, "Make a break for it, moron."

Kat brings her attention back to Mr. Chapin while Patrick inches out of his seat toward the window.

The other miscreants watch with glee.

KAT

But, I hardly think a simple serenade warrants a week of detention. There are far more hideous acts than off-key singing being performed by the student body on a daily basis.

Patrick is halfway out the window now. And none too happy about it, considering they're on the second floor. He eyes a large TREE a few feet away.

ON MR. CHAPIN

He starts to turn away from Kat.

MR CHAPIN

You're not gonna change my mind, Kat.
Rules stick.

Kat starts to panic, as Patrick has yet to make the jump for the tree.

KAT

Wait, Mr. Chapin. There's something I've always wanted to show you.

He turns back toward her again, the very second before he would've spotted Patrick.

Kat glances toward the window. Patrick's just about to make the jump.

MR CHAPIN

What?

KAT

These.

From behind, we see her lift up her shirt and flash her bra at Mr. Chapin, just as Patrick makes the jump.

The miscreants cheer, for both the daring escape and the flash of skin.

Mr. Chapin reddens and tries to be stern.

MR CHAPIN

I'm going to let that slide, Katarina.
But if I catch you doing that again,
you'll be in here with the rest of these
guys.

He motions to the remaining detention prisoners, without noticing Patrick's absence.

Kat smiles at him.

KAT

Thank you, Mr. Chapin.

Kat bolts out the door. Mr. Chapin goes back to his muscle mag, wiping the sweat from his brow.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS LAWN - DAY

Kat arrives at the tree, looking around, seeing no one.

KAT

He left! I sprung the dickhead and he cruised on me.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Look up, sunshine.

She does. He's still in the tree.

PATRICK

Guess I never told you I'm afraid of heights.

KAT

(smiling)

C'mon. It's not that bad.

PATRICK

Try looking at it from this angle.

She assesses the branch structure.

KAT

Put your right foot there --

PATRICK

Forget it. I'm staying.

KAT

You want me to climb up and show you how to get down?

PATRICK

(voice trembling)

Maybe...

She sighs and does so.

KAT

You are such a pain in the ass.

When she gets to his level, she perches on the branch next to him. He grins at her. Then swings himself down easily, leaving her sitting there, realizing she's been duped.

KAT

(continuing)

You shit!

She climbs down after him.

EXT. OUTDOOR ARCADE - DAY

Patrick and Kat walk amongst the games.

KAT

So -- you touch yourself?

PATRICK

As much as I can.

KAT

Should I be jealous?

He gives her a nudge. Kat laughs.

PATRICK

How'd you get Chapin to look the other way?

KAT

I dazzled him with my wit.

She stops and picks up a toy gun that SHOOTS water at giggling hyenas and offs them quickly, one by one.

PATRICK

Beautiful and handy with a weapon.

KAT

Remember that, next time you make me climb a tree.

The barker hands her a stuffed animal as her prize. She hands it to the small KID next to her and they continue walking.

PATRICK

(sarcastic)

A soft side?

KAT
Don't let it get out.

PATRICK
So -- what's your excuse?

KAT
For...?

PATRICK
Acting the way we do.

KAT
I don't like to do what people expect.
Then they expect it all the time and they
get disappointed when you change.

PATRICK
So if you disappoint them from the start,
you're covered?

KAT
Something like that.

PATRICK
Then you screwed up.

KAT
How?

PATRICK
You never disappointed me.

She blushes.

PATRICK
(continuing)
You up for it?

KAT
Up for what?

He motions to the SIGN for a paint-ball game. She grins.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The two of them creep through the paint-ball course, stealthy and
full of the desire to best the other.

Patrick nails Kat in the back with a big glob of red paint.

Kat gets him in the chest with a glob of blue.

Patrick returns fire with a big yellow splat to the side of her face.

Kat squirts a green shot to his forehead.

After a few more shots, they're both covered in paint.

Patrick grabs her in a victorious tackle. They land, laughing. It's hard to even recognize them, as their hair and faces are so smeared with paint globs, but they still manage to find each other's eyes.

He wipes a smear of blue paint away from her lips, as he goes to kiss her in what turns out to be one hellaciously passionate kiss.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick pulls up in Kat's driveway. Their paint wardrobe has dried by now and they look like refugees from some strange, yet colorful, war.

KAT
State trooper?

PATRICK
Fallacy. Driver's Ed teacher?

KAT
Rumor. The duck?

PATRICK
Hearsay. Bobby Rictor's balls?

KAT
Fact. But he deserved it. He grabbed my boob in the lunch line.

PATRICK
Okay...

KAT
The accent?

PATRICK
Real. Lived in Australia until I was ten.

KAT
With the pygmies?

PATRICK
No ... with my parents.

KAT

So where were you last year? I know your
porn career's a lie.

PATRICK

Do you?

He shuts off the car and turns to her, kissing her neck. It
tickles. She laughs.

KAT

Tell me something true.

PATRICK

I hate peas.

KAT

No -- something real. Something no one
else knows.

PATRICK

(in-between kisses)

You're sweet. And sexy. And completely
hot for me.

KAT

What?

PATRICK

No one else knows.

KAT

You're amazingly self-assured. Has anyone
ever told you that?

PATRICK

Go to the prom with me.

Kat's smile disappears.

KAT

Is that a request or a command?

PATRICK

You know what I mean.

KAT

No.

PATRICK

No what?

KAT

No, I won't go with you.

PATRICK
Why not?

KAT
Because I don't want to. It's a stupid tradition.

Patrick sits quietly, torn. He can't very well tell her he's being paid to take her.

PATRICK
People won't expect you to go...

Kat turns to him, getting angry.

KAT
Why are you doing this?

PATRICK
Doing...?

KAT
All of it -- what's in it for you?

He sits silently, not looking at her, confirming her suspicions.

KAT
(continuing)
Create a little drama? Start a new rumor?
What?

PATRICK
So I have to have a motive to be with you?

KAT
You tell me.

PATRICK
You need therapy. Has anyone ever told you that?

KAT
(quietly)
Answer the question, Patrick.

PATRICK
(angry)
Nothing! There's nothing in it for me.
Just the pleasure of your company.

He takes out a cigarette. She breaks it in half before she SLAMS the car door and walks into the house.

Patrick PEELS out of the driveway.

Kat turns at the front door and watches him go.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kat stands at the sink, scrubbing paint off her face. Bianca
TAPS on the open door.

BIANCA

Quick question -- are you going to the
prom?

KAT

Get out.

Kat pushes the door shut with a SLAM.

INT. TUTORING ROOM - DAY

Cameron and Bianca sit together at their study cubby.

CAMERON

Okay, try this: *Apprends, apprenez,*
apprenons.

BIANCA

Do you realize I've been sitting in front
of you for ten minutes and you haven't
even noticed that I changed the part in my
hair?

CAMERON

I don't really ... care.

BIANCA

Gee, thanks.

CAMERON

No -- it's just that -- I like to think
there's more to you than what everyone
else sees.

BIANCA

What're you talking about?

CAMERON

The real you. Your thoughts. Your
feelings. I mean, you do have some, right?

She leans closer.

BIANCA
Like my fear of wearing pastels?

CAMERON
Forget it.

BIANCA
Kidding! Hello! Yes, there's a real
Bianca. Are you happy?

CAMERON
Then why don't you let anyone know?

BIANCA
(shyly)
Why should I?

CAMERON
Go ahead. Try her out on me. Let her rip.
She thinks this over for a moment.

BIANCA
All right. Well, you know how sometimes
you just become this "persona"? And then
you realize that all the things you
thought were important are really just
kind of annoying, and all the people you
thought you liked are even more annoying?

CAMERON
Well, there was this one time --

BIANCA
(barreling on)
And then when you do something you thought
you wanted to do, but you really didn't,
and you end up wishing you were doing
something entirely different, but you're
not, so then you're really, really annoyed?

Cameron nods, trying to keep up with her now frantic pace.

CAMERON
Is there more? Because maybe I should pee
first --

He starts to rise, but she pulls him back down, unleashing the
"real" Bianca with a fury.

BIANCA
And then, when you're completely,
supremely annoyed --

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mandella opens her locker to find a beautiful DRESS, inspired by the 16th Century. She slowly unpins a NOTE from the dress.

INSERT - "O FAIR ONE. JOIN ME AT THE PROM. I WILL BE WAITING.
LOVE, WILLIAM S."

She smiles.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE/DEN - DAY

Walter is on his exercise bike. Bianca knocks on the open door.

BIANCA
Daddy, I want to discuss the prom with
you. It's tomorrow night and --

WALTER
The prom? Kat has a date?

BIANCA
No, but --

WALTER
It's that hot rod Joey, right? That's who
you want me to bend my rules for?

BIANCA
What's a "hot rod"?

WALTER
You're not going unless your sister goes.
End of story.

BIANCA
O.K, let's review. Kat? Not interested.
Me? Dying to go.

WALTER
You know what happens at proms?

BIANCA

We'll dance, we'll kiss, we'll come home.
It's not quite the crisis situation you
imagine.

WALTER

Kissing? Is that what you think happens?
Kissing isn't what keeps me up to my
elbows in placenta all day.

BIANCA

Can we for two seconds ignore the fact
that you are severely unhinged and discuss
my need for a night of teenage normalcy?

WALTER

And what's normal? Those damn "Dawson's
Creek" kids, sleeping in each other's beds?

BIANCA

Daddy, that's not --

WALTER

Oh, I'm down. I've got the 411. And you
are not going out and getting jiggy with
some boy. I don't care how dope his car
is.

Bianca lets out a scream of frustration and stomps out.

INT. BIANCA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca lies on her bed. MTV blares. A KNOCK sounds.

BIANCA

Come in.

Kat enters and sits down on the bed, muting the TV.

KAT

(kindly)

Listen, I know you hate having to sit at
home because I'm not Susie High School.

BIANCA

Like you care.

KAT

I do care. But I'm a firm believer in
doing something for your own reasons, not
someone else's.

BIANCA
I wish I had that luxury. I'm the only
sophomore that got asked to the prom and
I can't go, because you won't.

Kat clears her throat.

KAT
Joey never told you we went out, did he?

BIANCA
What?

KAT
In 9th. For a month.

BIANCA
(confused)
Why?

KAT
(self-mocking)
He was, like, a total babe.

BIANCA
But you hate Joey.

KAT
Now I do. Back then was a different
story.

BIANCA
As in...

Kat takes a deep breath.

KAT
He said everyone was doing it. So... I
did it.

BIANCA
You did what?

KAT
Just once. Afterwards, I told him I
didn't want to anymore. I wasn't ready.
He got pissed. Then he broke up with me.

Bianca stares at her, dumbfounded.

BIANCA
But...

KAT

After that, I swore I'd never do anything just because "everyone else" was doing it. And I haven't since. Except for Bogey Lowenstein's party, and my stunning gastrointestinal display --

BIANCA

(stunned)

How is it possible that I did not know this?

KAT

I promised him if he told anyone, the cheerleading squad would find out how tiny his dick is.

BIANCA

Okay... so why didn't you tell me?

KAT

I wanted to let you make up your own mind about him.

BIANCA

No, you didn't! If you really thought I could make my own decisions, you would've let me go out with him instead of helping Daddy hold me hostage.

Kat stands up slowly.

KAT

That's not --

BIANCA

I'm not stupid enough to repeat your mistakes.

KAT

I guess I thought I was protecting you.

BIANCA

God, you're just like him! Just keep me locked away in the dark, so I can't experience anything for myself.

Kat picks up the strand of pearls from the nightstand and absent-mindedly plays with them.

KAT

Not all experiences are good, Bianca. You can't always trust the people you want to.

BIANCA
I guess I'll never know, will I?

She snatches the pearls back and throws them in the trash can.

INT. KAT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kat sits down on her bed, and looks over at the phone. She quickly picks it up and dials.

KAT
Hi. I need a favor.

INT. BIANCA'S ROOM - DAY

Bianca, still in her pajamas, sits by the window, staring out. A KNOCK sounds.

BIANCA
Come in.

Kat opens the door and peers in.

KAT
Feel like shopping?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter sits in front of the television. A blur rushes down the stairs and out the door. The blur has Kat's voice.

KAT (O.S.)
Bye, Dad. I'm going to the prom. See you
in a few.

The door shuts behind her.

WALTER
(rising)
What -- who --?

Bianca enters, wearing a prom dress.

WALTER
(continuing)
What's that?

BIANCA
A prom dress.

WALTER
I'm missing something.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Bianca runs to open it. There stands CAMERON. He takes in Bianca's dress.

CAMERON
Wow. I -- you -- Wow.

BIANCA
Let's go.

She kisses Walter on the cheek.

BIANCA
(continuing)
Bye, Daddy.

CAMERON
Nice to meet --

Bianca drags him out.

BIANCA
C'mon.

The door shuts again.

WALTER
What just happened?

INT. CAMERON'S CAR - NIGHT

Cameron tries to watch the road and look at Bianca at the same time.

CAMERON
So you really wanna do this, right?

She leans over to kiss him.

BIANCA
Really, really.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - NIGHT

The DOORBELL RINGS again. Walter opens it to find Joey on the porch, wearing a tux.

JOEY
I'm here to pick up Bianca.

WALTER
Too late.

He SLAMS the door shut.

EXT. PROM - NIGHT

Kat pulls up in her car, emerging resplendent in an elegant blue gown.

Patrick sits on the steps, waiting. In a tux. He stares at her as she walks toward him.

KAT
How'd you get a tux at the last minute?

PATRICK
(distracted)
It's Scurvy's. His date got convicted.
Where did you get the dress?

KAT
Just something I had. You know. Lying around.

PATRICK
(smiling)
Uh huh.

KAT
Look, I'm -- sorry -- that I questioned your motives. I was wrong.

Patrick winces slightly, but covers it with a smile.

PATRICK
You're forgiven.

He remains seated. Kat fidgets nervously.

KAT
So -- are you ready?

He rises, still staring, taking in her image.

PATRICK
For you? Oh, yeah.

She blushes and turns away.

KAT
C'mon. Let's get this over with.

INT. PROM - NIGHT

Patrick and Kat enter, attempting to deny the romance of it.

KAT
Quite the ostentatious display.
A cowboy two-steps by them, dragging some poor girl around.

PATRICK
Look, Clem even wore his good boots.
Kat steps forward, looking around and spots Cameron and Bianca dancing cheek to cheek. She smiles.

ACROSS THE TENT

Mandella enters nervously, in the long Elizabethan gown, hair piled on top of her head. She spots Kat and hurries over.

MANDELLA
Have you seen him?

KAT
Who?

MANDELLA
William -- he asked me to meet him here.

KAT
(putting an arm
around her)
Oh, Mandella. Please tell me we haven't progressed to full-on hallucinations.

Patrick looks toward the door and taps Kat. She turns and points Mandella the same way.

Michael -- in full Shakespearean dress with a new goatee on his chin -- bows in their direction. Mandella's grin couldn't be bigger.

Michael swashbuckles over to them, taking Mandella's hand and leading her onto the dance floor.

MICHAEL
Mi' lady.
(to Patrick)
Good sir.

Patrick rolls his eyes and pushes him away good-naturedly.

INT. PROM - NIGHT - LATER

Kat and Patrick dance to a slow SONG. Whatever he's whispering into her ear is making her laugh.

Cameron and Bianca dance nearby, glowing with happiness. She kisses him on the cheek and heads for the ladies' room.

She stops to make eye-contact with Kat and smiles, then continues on toward the bathroom -- passing MS. PERKY AND MR. MALCOLM -- in a torrid clinch behind a pillar. It's a good bet that Mr. Malcolm's member is turgid at the very least.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Bianca enters, positively radiant. Chastity emerges from a stall.

BIANCA
(surprised)
What are you doing here?

Chastity checks her hair in the mirror, aloof.

CHASTITY
You think you're the only sophomore at the prom?

BIANCA
I did...

Chastity maintains her snooty tone.

CHASTITY
And just so you know, my date isn't planning on spending most of the night in his backseat...

BIANCA
What're you talking about?

CHASTITY

Joey Dorsey is only after one thing -- your cherry. He practically made a public announcement.

BIANCA

And exactly when did this occur?

CHASTITY

Last week...

BIANCA

And let me guess. The reason you didn't tell me is because you didn't want to see me get hurt. Or better yet, that's what you were hoping for.

She storms out. Chastity is left without a reply.

INT. PROM - NIGHT

Joey, drunk, disorderly and pissed off, walks in with a few stray jocks -- also dateless. He zeroes in on Cameron, now consoling a pissed-off Bianca.

Patrick and Kat continue to slow dance, oblivious to the evil about to erupt.

PATRICK

Milwaukee.

KAT

What?

PATRICK

That's where I was last year. I wasn't in jail, I don't know Marilyn Manson, and I've never slept with a Spice Girl. My grandfather was lonely, so I spent a year sitting on his couch, watching Wheel of Fortune and making him macaroni and cheese. End of story.

Kat laughs a delighted laugh.

KAT

No way.

They're interrupted by Joey's hand on Patrick's shoulder.

JOEY

What's Bianca doing here with that cheese dick? I didn't pay you to let some little punk ass snake me.

ACROSS THE TENT

Michael spots the altercation and dances Mandella over to Cameron and Bianca, who barely notice anyone else in the room.

MICHAEL

The shit's in mid-air. C'mon.

Michael takes Cameron aside, leaving Mandella and Bianca staring after them.

ACROSS THE TENT

Michael and Cameron approach Joey as he continues to taunt Patrick who keeps quiet, realizing the weight of this situation.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Joey, pal, compadre. Let's take it easy.

Joey turns toward Michael and Cameron.

JOEY

You two are in big trouble.

Cameron faces Joey.

CAMERON

Admit it. You lost. Deal with it.

Joey PUNCHES Cameron in the face, taking him by surprise.

Cameron holds his nose as it bleeds onto his tux.

The various cliques descend and Joey is soon surrounded by angry Cowboys, Coffee Kids and White Rastas.

DEREK

Very uncool, my brother.

JOEY

I'm not your brother, white boy.

The other Rastas GASP, as if stung by the realization that they're white.

Joey turns back to Patrick and Kat.

JOEY
(continuing)
Just so you know -- she'll only spread her
legs once.

Kat looks from Joey to Patrick, not sure what she's hearing.
Joey pushes through the crowd but a HAND drags him back.
It's Bianca. And she BELTS the hell out of him.

BIANCA
That's for making my date bleed.

JOEY
(holding his nose)
Cut it out! I have to shoot a Clearasil
ad tomorrow.

She BELTS him again.

BIANCA
That's for my sister.

And AGAIN.

BIANCA
(continuing)
And that's for me.

The cliques now descend on Joey, punching him wildly.

COWBOY
And that's for the fourth grade, asshole!

EXT. PROM - NIGHT

Kat runs down the stairs, Patrick chasing her.

PATRICK
Wait!

KAT
You were paid to take me out! By the one
person I truly hate. I knew it was a set-
up!

PATRICK
It wasn't like that.

KAT

Really? What was it like? A downpayment now, then a bonus for sleeping with me?

PATRICK

I didn't care about the money.

He catches up to her now.

PATRICK

(continuing)

I cared about --

She turns to face him with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

KAT

You are so not what I thought you were.

He grabs her and kisses her to shut her up. After a second, she pulls away and flees down the stairs and out of sight.

Bianca stands at the top of the stairs, watching. She's never looked more guilty.

INT. STRATFORD HOUSE - DAY

Kat is sprawled on the couch in sweats, wrapped in a blanket, watching "Sixteen Candles". The phone sits next to her. Not ringing.

Bianca breezes in, bearing a cup of tea.

BIANCA

Are you sure you don't want to come sailing with us? It'll be fun.

Kat takes the tea and gives a weak smile.

KAT

I'm sure.

Bianca sits down next to her.

BIANCA

You looked beautiful last night.

KAT

So did you.

Bianca touches her arm, then jumps up when the DOORBELL rings, opening the door to a waiting Cameron. He peeks his head inside.

She okay? CAMERON

I hope so. BIANCA

The door shuts behind her as Walter enters.

WALTER
Was that your sister?

KAT
Yeah. She left with some bikers. Big
ones. Full of sperm.

WALTER
Funny.

Walter sits down on the arm of the chair.

WALTER
(continuing; dreading
the answer)
So, tell me about this dance. Was it
hoppin'?

KAT
Parts of it.

WALTER
Which parts?

KAT
The part where Bianca beat the hell out of
some guy.

WALTER
Bianca did what?

KAT
What's the matter? Upset that I rubbed
off on her?

WALTER
No -- impressed.

Kat looks up in surprise.

WALTER
(continuing)
You know, fathers don't like to admit that
their daughters are capable of running
their own lives.
(more)

WALTER (cont'd)

It means we've become spectators. Bianca still lets me play a few innings. You've had me on the bleachers for years. When you go to Sarah Lawrence, I won't even be able to watch the game.

KAT

(hopeful)

When I go?

WALTER

Christ. Don't tell me you've changed your mind. I already sent 'em a check.

Kat reaches over and gives him a hug.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Kat grabs a box of cornflakes from the food line.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Katarina?

She turns and looks at him.

CAMERON

I'm really sorry.

KAT

For what?

CAMERON

For everything that happened. When Bianca asked me to find you a boyfriend, I had no idea it would turn out so --

He stops talking as she storms off -- the old "kill, kill" look back in her eyes.

CAMERON

(continuing; calling
after her)

If it makes you feel any better -- I
pissed in Joey's car. A lot.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bianca's English teacher perches on the edge of a desk, open book in hand.

TEACHER

Who can tell me at what point Lucentio
admits his deception?

The door of the classroom opens and an angry Kat stalks in,
yanking Bianca from her chair and dragging her toward the hallway.

KAT

(to the teacher)

Family emergency.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bianca tries to pull away as Kat drags her by the hair between
two rows of lockers.

BIANCA

Let go!

KAT

How could you set me up like that?

BIANCA

I just wanted --

KAT

To completely damage me? To send me to
therapy forever? What?

BIANCA

No! I just wanted --

Ms. Perky walks up.

MS. PERKY

Ladies? Shall we take a trip to my office?

INT. MS. PERKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Perky stares at both sisters as they sit before her, then
focuses on Bianca.

MS. PERKY

So you're the real bitch.

BIANCA

Yes! Okay? Yes -- I'm the real bitch.
I wanted her to get a boyfriend so I
could. Apparently, this makes me a
horrible person. I'm sorry.

She turns to Kat.

BIANCA
(continuing)
I swear -- I didn't know about the money.
I didn't even know Joey was involved. I
would never intentionally hurt you, Kat.

MS. PERKY
Kat, do you care to respond?

KAT
Am I supposed to feel better? Like, right
this second? Or do I have some time to
think about it?

MS. PERKY
I say just smack her now.

Bianca rises, taking Kat by the arm.

BIANCA
(to Miss Perky)
We'll be getting back to you.

MS. PERKY
What, no hug?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kat and Bianca leave Ms. Perky's office.

BIANCA
Is that woman a complete fruit-loop or is
it just me?

KAT
It's just you.

Kat keeps walking.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Mr. Malcolm faces the class.

MR. MALCOLM
All right. I assume everyone found time
to compose their poems. Except for Mr.
Dorsey, who's still in ICU.

The nerds in the back high-five each other. Mr. Malcolm surreptitiously joins in as he walks by.

MR. MALCOLM
(continuing)

Anyone brave enough to read their's aloud?

No one moves. Then Kat slowly stands up.

KAT
I will.

Patrick looks up.

MR. MALCOLM
Oh, Lord. Here we go. Everybody take a pill.

Kat shoots him a look, then reads from her notebook.

KAT
I hate the way you talk to me/ and the way
you cut your hair/ I hate the way you
drive my car/ I hate it when you stare/ I
hate your big dumb combat boots/ and the
way you read my mind/ I hate you so much
it makes me sick/ it even makes me rhyme.

She takes a breath, and looks quickly at Patrick, who stares at the floor.

KAT
(continuing)
I hate the way you're always right/ I hate
it when you lie/ I hate it when you make
me laugh/ even worse when you make me cry/
I hate it that you're not around/ and the
fact that you didn't call/ But mostly I
hate the way I don't hate you/ not even
close, not even a little bit, not even any
at all.

She looks directly at Patrick. He looks back this time. The look they exchange says everything.

Then she walks out of the room. The rest of the class remains in stunned silence for a moment.

MR. MALCOLM
I don't know about the rest of you all,
but I like that girl.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Kat walks to her car alone. When she opens the door, she's greeted with a Fender Stratocaster guitar and an amp, reclining in the front seat.

She picks it up, inspecting every detail, then spins around.

Patrick stands there, smiling.

KAT

A Fender Strat. You bought this?

PATRICK

I thought you could use it. When you start your band.

She doesn't answer, but hides a smile, so he walks closer.

PATRICK

(continuing)

Besides, I had some extra cash. Some asshole paid me to take out this really great girl --

KAT

Is that right?

PATRICK

Yeah, but then I screwed up. I fell for her.

Kat blushes and looks down.

KAT

Really...

PATRICK

It's not every day you find a girl who'll flash her tits to get you out of detention.

Kat looks up, surprised and embarrassed that he found out. He takes her upturned face as a sign to kiss her and he does. She lets him this time.

...Then breaks it off.

KAT

You can't just buy me a guitar every time you mess up, you know.

He grimaces.

BIANCA

Can someone please tell my boyfriend that the lines on my palm do not say, "Show Cameron your underwear drawer"?

ON MICHAEL AND MANDELLA

Wildly making-out in a lawn chair. She comes up for a breath.

MANDELLA

I can't remember a word of Shakespeare right now. Isn't that weird?

MICHAEL

Can we talk about this later?

He pulls her back down.

ON KAT AND PATRICK

As they continue to argue about the shot.

PATRICK

Cameron, you call it.

CAMERON

It was good.

KAT

No, Bianca calls it.

BIANCA

He cheated.

Kat looks at Patrick.

KAT

You better listen to her. She can kick your ass.

BIANCA

(to Patrick)

Don't make me take you down.

Kat giggles and the two sisters square off against their boyfriends, trying to look tough.

PATRICK

(to Cameron)

I forget. Which one's the scary one?

Girly punk MUSIC plays as we CRANE UP and -- FADE OUT:

PATRICK

I know.

He kisses her again --

Which she breaks off again.

KAT

And don't just think you can --

He plants a last kiss on her, not letting her end it this time.
She doesn't try.

EXT. STRATFORD HOUSE/BACKYARD - SUNSET

We hear the sounds of MUSIC and LAUGHTER. A backyard barbecue is in progress.

Patrick and Kat are a few feet apart in the spacious backyard, batting a ball back and forth with field hockey sticks. The competition is fierce.

Patrick lunges forward with a kiss, sneaking a shot past her.

KAT

What was that?

PATRICK

A good shot.

KAT

I don't think so.

PATRICK

Too bad.

ON BIANCA AND CAMERON

Cameron holds Bianca's upturned hand.

CAMERON

It does so say that.

BIANCA

It does not say that!

CAMERON

It's right there --

He points at her palm.

